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The Tornado Dance

By Ian Hamilton

I.

O'ER the gleaming, purple sea,
Off Cape Blanco, sailing free,
We were dancing, you with me,
Light as any feather.

II.

Came a wild tornado blast,
Swooping on us fell and fast,
Split the awnings, shook the mast,
Never was such weather.

III.

Pianist, fiddler, dancers, flew;
Showed clean heels (and stockings too);
Quite forgetting P and Q,
Running, hell for leather!

IV.

Livid lightning, crashing thunder,
Chased them down and kept them under,—
Cleared the decks yet could not sunder
Us who clung together.

V.

So we danced in ecstasy
O'er a shadowy foam-flecked sea,
Careless what the end might be,
How, why, where, or whether,—

VI.

Till the storm unloosed your hair,
Wrapt it round me,—held me there,—
Meshed me in a silken snare,
Nothing can untether.

Santorin

By James Elroy Flecker

"Who are you, Sea-lady,
And where in the seas are we?
I have too long been steering
By the flashes in your eyes.
Why drops the moonlight through my heart,
And, why so quietly
Go the great engines of my boat
As if their souls were free?"
"Oh, ask me not, bold sailor;
Is not your ship a magic ship
That sails without a sail?
Are not these isles the Isles of Greece,
And dust upon the sea?
But answer me three questions,
And give me answers three:
What is your ship?" "A British."
"And where may Britain be?"
"Oh, it lies north, dear lady:
It is a small country."
"Yet you will know my lover,
Though you live far away;
And you will whisper where he has gone,
That lily boy to look upon
And brighter than the spray."
"How should I know your lover,
Lady of the sea?"
"Alexander, Alexander,
The king of the world was he!"
"Weep not for him, dear lady,
But come on board my ship:
So many years ago he died
He's dead as dead can be."
"O base and brutal sailor
To lie this lie to me.

His mother was the foam-foot,
Star-sparkling Aphrodite:
His father was Adonis,
Who lives away in Lebanon,
In stony Lebanon, where blooms
His red anemone.
But where is Alexander,
The soldier Alexander,
My golden love of olden days,
The king of the world and me?"

She sank into the moonlight,
And the sea was only sea.

Malham Cove

By Laurence Binyon

I.

THERE is threat in the wind, and a murmur
Of water that swells
Swift in the hollow: above me
A shadow is thrown!
For beyond is no valley sequestered
In shy, green dells,
But abrupt, sky-closing, a wall
And a vastness of stone.
Did the rock split asunder with ages?
Or suddenly smote
The hand of a God on the mountain?
For under the face
Of the imminent height, at the humid
And cold rock-base,
From out of the dungeoned recesses,
The cavernous throat,
Unimprisoned there bursts, not a rill,
Not a trickle of spray,
But broad in its gushing and fulness
And sweeping apace
A river arisen that dances
In laughter away.

II.

Builded aloof; unscaleable;
Towering stark
To the fugitive cloud and the blue,
O Soul of the Rock!
Silent, remote as the moon,
That will'st not to hark

To the cry of the lamb on the precipice
Lost from the flock;
If thou suffer the pine in thy cranny
That dizzily clings
Small-seen as a fern, or a thicket
Of obstinate thorn,
'Tis disdain that neglects them, O rather
A scorning of scorn,
Unheedful of them as of those
Irresistible springs
Gushing out from beneath thee, unheard
As the cry of the bird
That skims from the shadow and hovers,
A flashing of wings,
Mid the flush and the greening of April:—
Thou standest unstirred.

III.

As a desert uplifted, a desert
Where bones rot and bleach,
As a barrenness knowing not change
Nor date nor event,
As a strength without speech, without motion,
Yet stronger than speech;
A bulk without feature, a winter
Of force long spent;
And neither is hope, nor terror,
Nor weakness there,
But a pressure and weight of oblivion
Where no man is known,
Face from face, voice from voice undistinguished,
And all overthrown,
Like the rampart of Time that confronts us
Enormous and bare,
Immuring the dream and the vision
Whereby we have breath;
Like Night and the end of the light
To them that despair:
I stand in thy shadow and fear thee,
Thou greatness of Death!

IV.

Come away, come away! There is light
In the water that glides.
Come away with the water that hastes
From the heart of the hills,
A sinuous ripple that sings
And that nowhere abides,
But broken, a murmuring sparkle,
On ledges and sills
Of the rock, as it swerves, carries in it
A wavering fire,
Like a thought, like a joy, that no barrier
Stays from its flight,
Or a dance of young children that carol
Their heart of delight;
For it calls to the bud to burst open,
The blade to thrust higher;
To my heart, to my heart, it is calling—
"O follow! for here
Is thine own heart, quick and enamoured
Of love and of light;
O follow my swiftness and stay not
In shadows of fear!"

V.

On beds in the valley, on sunny
Half-islanded banks,
Where roots are athirst and refreshed
And saplings grow bold,
Bowing their youth to the breezes
In quivering ranks,
Primroses, a cluster of softness
And fragrance, unfold;
And the fairy anemone, shaking
Her blossoms agleam--
They are kisses of light as they tremble
To touch and to part—
Is flushed, ah! how faint, as with fire
From the innermost heart
Of a world in whose veins is a laughter
As clear as the stream;

And the music upholds me, enchants me,
And borne like a wave,
I am melted, I flow, I am nought
But a hope and a dream,
And in me is the youth of the flowers,
And grief in her grave.

VI.

Sudden a gust flings a shadow!
And shivering, the black
Driven leaves at the roots of the oak-tree
Are whirled up and lost
Like the wild thoughts of fear into darkness,
And strong boughs crack,
And a gloom rushes down with a wailing,
And out of it tost,
Pale snow is outshaken, and hail
Drops icily keen
On young leaf and dead; and awakened
In tree-tops aloud
Roars over the storm that has gathered
The hills in a shroud,
Until nought of the towering rock
But in glimmers is seen,
A vision unfeatured, a phantom
Of terrible birth:—
Is it thou that appearest, a presence
Divined in the cloud,
Thy ribs and thy knees and thy breasts,
O Titaness Earth?

VII.

Is it thine, the great voice that confuses
The winds and the floods
In a meaningless cry as of madmen,
A blindness of wrath,
Smiting the bosses of oak
And the virginal buds,
Negligent where thou hast beaten
Thy desolate swath?
O thou, who hast armed as for battle
Thy creatures wild

With fierceness of claw and of fang,
With hoof and with horn,
Of thee, even thee, of thy heart-beat
Was Man, too, born
With flesh like a flower defenceless?
Is he thy child,
In whose eyes are wonder and trouble,
Who strikes, yet the wrong
He has done he turns from again
And with sorrow is torn?
How shall his heart be as thine
Or in thy way strong?

VIII.

For who that is born of a woman
Has known not the hour
When the spirit within him is daunted
And this world comes
As an army against him, a terror
Of alien power,
And fate, too vast to be borne,
His courage benumbs?
Lost he seems as a child
Upon mountains alone.
Who has longed not then with longing
For a strength past pain
To endure the rending of sorrow
That makes hope vain,
To be kneaded in iron and stubborned
In armour of stone?
That hour when the heavens are shaken
Within the mind,
And the world is an enemy armed,
Have I not known?
For the strength of the stony mountain
Have I not pined?

IX.

But lo! on a sudden, with sighing
The storm ends now
In a radiant relenting: golden
The light reappears

With a glory of drops that are dancing
On leaf and on bough;
And a music, a wandering music
Returns to my ears.
From the primrose is breathing a freshness,
And wild, shy smells
From the moss, where the snowflake is melted
To dazzling dew,
And the voice of the birds on the banks
Is uplifted anew
To the carolling voice of the river
That onward swells.
Onward away, where the buds
Gleam white on the tree!
The rain and the gloom are forgotten
In heaven's young blue;
And my heart flows out with the river,
The river with me.

X.

In a trance, in a trance I listen;
And into my soul's
Ear, withdrawn in a stillness
Darkly stored
With infinite sound, gathers
And gradual rolls
The voice of all the torrents
On earth outpoured.
"We tarry not, rest not, sleep not,"
Aloud they cry,
"We are swift as the hours that crumble
Thy strength into dust;
We build thee no home, nor a fortress
Wherein to trust;
But in us is the sound of an empire
Falling from high,
And the kings of the world dethroned
And towers laid bare.
We move, we are ever beyond;
We change, we die,
We laugh, we live; to follow
Wilt thou too dare?"

XI.

How shall I not go with you,
O waters swift?
Too long in yesterday's self
I tarry, and keep
The dust of the world about me.
Uplift, uplift,
Lose me, a wave in the waves
That laugh and leap!
Lo, into uttermost time
My thoughts I send:
And because in my heart is a flowing
No hour can bind,
Because through the wrongs of the world
Looking forth and behind,
I find for my thought not a close,
For my soul not an end,
With you will I follow, nor crave
The strength of the strong
Nor a fortress of time to enshield me
From storms that rend.
This is home, this is life, to be poured
As a stream, as a song.

A New Study of English Poetry

By Henry Newbolt

IV

POETRY AND POLITICS*

THE relation of Poetry to social life—to Politics in the wider sense of the word—is not a very profound or difficult subject: but it is a little profounder, a little more difficult than it is sometimes thought to be. We have only to read or listen to what is being daily said around us to become aware that the common opinion divides poetry off from other human activities—regards it as an intruder in ordinary affairs. In the Ship of State, Poetry must not speak to the man at the wheel, or indeed to any member of the crew when engaged on any kind of duty: if she does speak she must not be listened to seriously. Common sense tells us that Poetry is idealism, and that idealism has nothing to do with the practical. For that you need reality, truth, knowledge of things as they are in themselves: and only Science, which is the antithesis of Poetry, can give you these. Science then must be in supreme command, Science must steer and work the ship, while Poetry, if she is allowed any active place at all, must be restricted to such employment as decorating the saloon and playing in the band.

Now it can hardly be necessary for me to insist on the vital importance of this view. Its results are visible in every department of our social system, and they are always disastrous. Our public life is before all things chaotic and quarrelsome—the crew are busying themselves not so much in working the ship as in disputing about every detail of the voyage, and particularly about its course. In Government, our method is to move by alternate efforts in almost opposite directions:

> You have perchance, observed the inebriate's track
> At night when he has quitted the inn-sign:

* For previous papers see THE ENGLISH REVIEW for January, March, and June, 1912.

He plays diversions on the homeward line,
Still that way bent, albeit his legs are slack.*

Then on questions of public morality there is a direct and bitter conflict always going on: in matters of religion the common ideal of brotherhood is forgotten in the universal ardour for faction-fighting. Yet the nation thus distracted is a collection of men and women perhaps as homogeneous as any in the world, and certainly in no way unusually deficient in political, moral, or religious sense. They are merely confused, and their confusion is, I believe, largely due to a radical misunderstanding of the nature of Poetry and the part it plays in human life.

To realise this we must go a little further back—we must look into the prevalent view of our knowledge of the world in which we live. That view is a clear and positive one: it is held by the vast majority around us, and I believe that the following statement of it would be generally accepted. First then, bodily existence, material existence, is existence in the truest sense of the word, and all true existence is primarily material existence: as compared with this outward life, our inner life is unreal, and it most nearly attains reality when it most closely corresponds to outward existence. Secondly, our only true knowledge is knowledge of the external world, and it is true because it is knowledge of things as they are in themselves, knowledge of real and not imaginary things. It follows that our knowledge of our bodies is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of our souls can possibly be.

This is the belief of a generation bred up on Science, but it is not one which is warranted by Science. What Science has to say in the matter may be found very clearly stated in Huxley's essay on Descartes.† "What then is certain?" he asks. "Why, the fact that the thought, the present consciousness, exists. . . . Thus thought is existence. More than that, so far as we are concerned, existence is thought, all our conceptions of existence being some kind or other of thought." Having said so much, the recollection seems to break in upon him that he is outraging the common belief—the creed which I have set forth above. He continues "Do not for a moment suppose

* George Meredith, *The World's Advance.*
† *Collected Essays*, vol. i., p. 172.

that these are mere paradoxes or subtleties. A little reflection upon the commonest facts proves them to be irrefragable truths. For example, I take up a marble, and I find it to be a red, round, hard, single body . . . all those qualities are modes of our own consciousness. . . . Whatever our marble may be in itself, all that we can know of it is under the shape of a bundle of our own consciousnesses. Nor is our knowledge of anything we know or feel, more, or less, than a knowledge of states of consciousness."

He goes on to deal with the question of the correspondence between the external world and our impressions. "The necessary outcome of his (Descartes') views is what may properly be called Idealism: namely, the doctrine that, whatever the universe may be, all we can know of it is the picture presented to us by consciousness. This picture may be a true likeness—though how this can be is inconceivable—or it may have no more resemblance to its cause than one of Bach's fugues has to the person who is playing it: or, than a piece of poetry has to the mouth and lips of a reciter. It is enough for all the practical purposes of existence if we find that our trust in the representations of consciousness is verified by results: and that by this help we are enabled 'to walk surefootedly in this life.'"

Finally he has this passage* on body and soul. "Thus it is an indisputable truth that what we call the material world is only known to us under the forms of the ideal world: and, as Descartes tells us, our knowledge of the soul (taken as the sum of the states of consciousness of the individual) is more intimate and certain than our knowledge of the body." In Huxley's opinion then, the common belief is wrong on every point.

It is impossible to read this essay without being reminded that the poets have said the same thing and said it more memorably: there is Coleridge's Ode:

> O Lady! we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live.

There is George Meredith's Sonnet, opening with the lines:

> Earth was not Earth before her sons appeared,
> Nor Beauty Beauty ere young Love was born.

and there are many more.

But the poets use a truth such as this for their own

* *Collected Essays*, vol. i., p. 193.

purposes, which are not ours. We are not now looking for beauty on the hillside, we are climbing to reach a particular point of view and our best way is the plainest and straightest. Let me for a short time longer proceed by the direct, rough-hewn steps of prose. We start from the point to which Huxley has brought us. Man, as we know him, is a spirit: and it is only in terms of spirit that he is capable of knowing the world.

If we observe him in the process of acquiring knowledge, we shall see that this process is not a passive one: an impression or sensation is something which is offered to us by the external world, but it will pass us by if we do not, by an activity of the spirit, seize it, and present it to our consciousness.

The activity by which this is done is the æsthetic activity. When we grasp an impression, an external appearance, and present it, or express it tacitly, to our consciousness, we create a perception or intuition. When we express a perception or intuition in an external form, we make a work of art: if the expression is in the form of words, the work of art is poetry: not necessarily verse, but essential poetry, that is, creation.

There is another activity of the human spirit—the logical or intellectual activity. By it man takes his intuitions and of them makes comparisons, classes, generalisations, and deductions: the expression of these in words is essential prose, that is, Science.

Having then these two theoretic activities, which express themselves in Poetry and Science, how does man use them? Does he keep them distinct? Obviously not. Science deals with what are called facts, observed and recorded facts: but, as we have seen, these have in themselves the nature of poetry, they are facts of a world not discovered, but created, by the spirit. Science, in short, is dependent for its material on a poetic activity.

Is Poetry on its side dependent on Science? Practically it is. It is true that Art can dispense with logical thought—it does so to a great extent in the case of painting, and even Poetry might conceivably be limited to the expression of pure perception:—

> The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
> The waves are dancing fast and bright;
> Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
> The purple moon's transparent might,

The breath of the moist air is light
  Around its unexpanded buds:
Like many a voice of one delight
  The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
  The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

This is almost entirely expressive of direct impressions, and it charms us: but it would cease to charm if it were indefinitely prolonged or constantly repeated. The lines are not a poem, they are only the introductory stanza of a poem which includes reflections and comparisons, as well as simple intuitions. And this is the case in the greater number of poems: Poetry has the power of taking the finished products of Reason for her raw material, and fusing them together with her own intuitions into one substance. For a single clear example of this, Wordsworth's little poem on the death of Lucy will suffice:

A slumber did my spirit seal;
  I had no human fears:
She seemed a thing that could not feel
  The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
  She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
  With rocks and stones and trees.

These last two lines come from no simple intuition: man is not capable of a direct perception of the earth's daily revolution. To human sense it is the Sun which moves—which rises and sets to make our earthly years. But Science has told us a different tale, and the tale of Science has been so mastered by the imagination as to become of one substance with our intuitions. Poetry has made thought, too, a subject for the æsthetic activity.

This then is, in very brief outline, what I believe to be the true account of the relations between Poetry and Science, and if we could now come together upon a scientific definition of Poetry, we should have only two stages further to go to arrive at our desired point of view. The definition we seem to have reached is this: Poetry is the expression in speech, more or less rhythmical, of the æsthetic activity of the human spirit, the creative activity by which the world is presented to our consciousness. But this is not enough: it gives us only Poetry in the abstract, and makes no distinction between good and bad, greater and lesser poetry. The two necessary further stages are

these: good poetry is not merely the expression of our intuitions, it is the masterly expression of rare complex and difficult states of consciousness: and great poetry, the poetry which has power to stir many men and stir them deeply, is the expression of our consciousness of this world, tinged with man's universal longing for a world more perfect, nearer to the heart's desire. By definition, and in a plain prosaic way, we are all poets, all makers of our own world: but the great poets re-make it for us, they take this very world of time in which we live, and by an incantation they re-build it for us, so that for an instant we see it under a light that is not the light of time. This at least is what I find they have always done in their great moments, and what I do not doubt they will always do.

> For, an ye heard a music, like enow
> They are building still, seeing the City is built
> To music: therefore never built at all,
> And therefore built for ever.

Those who have followed me so far and come to the same standpoint will now, I believe, find it easy enough to make a survey of our social system and mark what is and what ought to be the place of Poetry in it. I will imagine that a small company at any rate are still with me, and that we are looking down together upon the world of our modern life—looking not only upon it but into it, into the true nature of its activities. What do we see? Are there before us two clearly separated regions, in one of which the only activity going on is logical or scientific, while in the other there is only the creative and emotional? Do we see men divided as it were into two distinct nations —Men of Thought and Men of Feeling—the one speaking the language of Science, the other that of Poetry? Surely not. Do we not rather see a territory throughout the main part of which both languages are in common use, while on the extreme opposite outskirts of it there are two comparatively small areas within which men are to be found speaking and working, on this side in the language of pure Reason, on the other in that of pure Instinct? We see also, I think, if we have the full use of our eyes, that though both these exclusive little areas are desirable places, no one could and no one does, with any success, live entirely in either of them. No one, however artistic,

spends all his time in the enjoyment of his æsthetic intuitions, untroubled by remembrance or forethought or comparison. No one, however strict and powerful a thinker, passes every moment of his life in the pursuit of Science or under the absolute direction of Reason.

No. Art is a place apart, and Science is a place apart: the place where men live is not in either of these, but in the larger space between them, where we speak and understand two languages at once, because we are by birth of a double nationality, and inherit, in varying degrees, the powers of both. It is true that in our present stage of civilisation one of these nationalities is apt to encroach upon the other, even to assume a dominant position. When we define man as "a reasoning animal," we are in danger of forgetting that "animal" too is part of the definition: we are creatures of instinct first and of reason afterwards. In our long march out of the wilderness we have owed it to Reason that we men, alone of all living tribes, have come through to the conquest of the world. We therefore continue, now that the conquest is practically accomplished, to set Reason in the place of supreme authority, and we give wider scope and more compelling powers to that authority whenever a fresh emergency arises. This may be very right and necessary, but there are two considerations of a modifying kind which I think might well be pressed upon the partisans of pure Reason.

The first is that Government has long been admitted to exist only for the happiness of the Governed, and not for the satisfaction of the Governor. It would seem to follow from this that strictly scientific enactments, though perhaps highly pleasing to their inventor, may not be really the most suitable to a society nearly every member of which is, on one side of his nature, an alien to science, full of illogical and often passionate preferences. In the Alsace-Lorraine of our daily life, negotiations which are demonstrated to be for our good may not always be for our happiness, and we may come to resent the dominant power which says to us: "You have lost your double nationality; so far as you were born of instinct, of art, of poetry, you are now a disinherited and subject race."

The second consideration is this: that for our rulers to listen too exclusively to the strict counsel of Reason

would be to fail in duty to those who gave them their authority. There is much to be said against our modern party system, but there is one strong point to be urged in its favour, and that is that the line of cleavage is not between Reason and Instinct, Science and Poetry, Utilitarianism and Idealism. It is between two Ideals, both highly poetical.

> I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
> Till we have built Jerusalem,
> In England's green and pleasant land.

That is the vow which binds equally the devoted of both parties: but for the Conservative, so far as he is truly conservative, the Holy City was built somewhere in the past and comes down to us only to be saved or restored: while for the Liberal, so far as he is truly liberal, its site lies still ahead upon a beautiful but misty horizon, and the City is the more difficult to describe because the like of it has not yet been seen on earth. I must add that, in addition to the two original and probably ultimate parties, there arise others from time to time, whose Future State is a kind of Utopia and is to be looked for round the next corner. It will be built of none but solid prose materials, and it might, we are told, be finished to-morrow if only the designers had sufficient legislative power at their disposal.

Unhappily, the jerry-builders of Utopia are not singular in this last illusion. The belief in legislation, the belief that our fellows had better be sober than free, is probably the greatest danger that civilisation has to fear at the present day, and the only aid that we can invoke against it is that of Poetry. There are but two ways of dealing with men in the mass—persuasion and compulsion. Reason, no longer sweet Reason, but the relentless virago more properly named Logic, seems to have elected for compulsion. It remains only for Poetry to keep to the longer and surer way, however our would-be legislators clamour for the short, half-laid road, so full of unexpected pitfalls, and so cruelly up-hill for those who are to be driven along it. This way is clean against human nature. We are all—Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists—we are all revolutionists now: but the true and lasting Revolu-

tions are achieved by a change of feeling and not of statute law. To awaken, stimulate, and change human feeling is the great function of Poetry, and the Poet is exerting a hundred times more beneficent power when he is doing this than he could ever exert in the more prosaic office of a legislator.

The history of our literature affords a very striking example of this. Joseph Addison's poem *The Campaign* was written when he was a young and poor man. It is still remembered for two lines, which both occur in the description of a great general:

> 'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
> That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
> Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
> Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
> In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
> To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
> Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
> So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> (Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,)
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
> And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Judged by a modern standard, *The Campaign* is not great or even good poetry, but it had the full effect of poetry upon Addison's contemporaries. It showed them England and Englishmen, Queen, Ministers, and Generals, all in the act of life, but with their characters and deeds transfigured in a pseudo-heroic atmosphere. It moved them, it transported them from the mood of criticism into the mood of enthusiasm: it showed the writer to be gifted with the power of persuasion. The Government realised this and fell into the natural fallacy of prosaic minds: they secured his services and then used them for quite other purposes. For twelve years he spent his time in lucrative appointments, sessions of Parliament, and high Offices of State. In these he made only a subordinate figure: but in the one interval when he was out of office he achieved the triumph of his life by the production of *Cato*, and by the perfect expression of his own personality in the *Spectator*, he worked a lasting change in the thought and feeling of the nation. This is a lesson for the modern Poet: if his poems should achieve so much success

as not only to influence the public but even to attract the attention of the Government, he will none the less resist all attempts to turn him into a Secretary of State: he will probably—though this is less certain—refuse even to become a member of the House of Lords. He will not forsake Poetry, nor will he attempt to use poetry in the service of particular interests. The conflicts of policy he will judge, not by pitting arguments against each other, but by measuring each against the ideal which is common to both sides. Those who hear him will be reminded not of their differences but of the underlying sympathetic aspirations which are not partisan or temporary, but national and imperishable. A political poem of this kind is that famous sonnet of Wordsworth's, which keeps its power to this day, though the particular occasion which called it forth has long been forgotten:

> It is not to be thought of that the flood
> Of British freedom, which to the open sea
> Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
> Hath flowed "with pomp of waters unwithstood"—
> Roused though it be full often to a mood
> Which spurns the check of salutary bands—
> That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
> Should perish; and to evil and to good
> Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
> Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

It would be difficult to say whether this poem is more proudly conservative or more passionately democratic. But it lasts, because it is not partisan. Unfortunately, this is seldom the case with political poems: they do not take their origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity, but only too often from just the emotion one would not wish to recollect in tranquillity. Such was Coleridge's Eclogue of *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, a poem repented by its author within a few years, and now entirely obsolete. It is instructive to note that Pitt, who in this frenzy of political hatred is consigned by Coleridge to everlasting flames, is the same statesman for whose "hallowed tomb" Scott wrote an Ode of a precisely opposite character. But even this is less striking than the contrast between two sonnets written in our own time by two great poets upon

the same day—the day after the assassination of the Tsar Alexander. Swinburne, but for stern compassion and deep awe, would rejoice

> That one more sign is given against the crown,
> That one more head those dark red waters drown,
> Which rise round thrones whose trembling equipoise
> Is propped on sand and bloodshed and such toys
> As human hearts that shrink at human frown.

Rossetti sees in the murdered man no tyrant, but the emancipator of forty million serfs, lamented by his people:

> These to-day aloud
> Demand of Heaven a father's blood—sore bowed
> With tears and thrilled with wrath; who while they grieve,
> On every guilty head would fain achieve
> All torments by his edicts disallowed.

These poems each expressed an unconsidered view of a mere particular fact: they give us no insight into the colossal and mysterious tragedy of the Russian Autocracy: they were momentary and they passed with the passing of the moment. But Rossetti, at any rate, had a power beyond this. His sonnet *On Refusal of Aid between Nations*, written on some unremembered occasion, can never be obsolete while indignation and generosity remain to us. It expresses a deep sense of the divine wrath, which comes, he says, not from the calamities of the time—

> But because man is parcelled out in men
> To-day: because for any wrongful blow
> No man not stricken asks, "I would be told
> Why thou dost thus," but his heart whispers then
> "He is he, I am I." By this we know
> That our earth falls asunder, being old.

The view which I have here suggested will not commend itself to the majority of those engaged in public life. The politician desires support, the elector desires guidance, on the particular question of the day: they cannot wait for any ripening process. Their charge against Poetry will be that it is too remote, that its method of persuasion is not direct enough, that it has too little touch with "practical politics." If we could induce them to come for a moment to our point of view and look down, as we have done, upon the common everyday life of men, half instinctive and half intellectual, might we not say to them:—"There is the world you have to govern: on what power are you relying for persuasion? First, no

doubt, on Reason—but your opponents will claim Reason too. And even those who come to hear you, will not perhaps be effectively gained by pure cold logic: what you need is to create enthusiasm, a fire that will burn and spread after you have passed on. Will you set aside as too remote, too impractical, those deep and permanent emotions which belong to the innermost activity of the spirit, and which have probably before now made your own imagination glow? Then you must attempt to kindle an emotion with the practical details of the matter in hand: you must appeal to the self-interest of your audience and their hatred of those who baulk it. You, too, will be remaking the world: half of it will be turned to baseness by your imagination, and the other half by assenting to it. This also is a kind of poetic activity: out of human life it builds the City of Dis."

Here, too, we have an example worth remembering. This charge of remoteness has been anticipated by a living poet. The thought came to Mr. Yeats in his early days, that he might in time to come be reproached for not having done more for the cause of Ireland. It was not, of course, moonlighting that might be expected of him, nor even speeches in favour of Home Rule, but good political verse, denouncing the oppressor, instead of unpractical poetry about that Lady Beauty, whose presence keeps alive the souls of nations. These are the first lines of his Apologia:—

> Know that I would accounted be
> True brother of that company
> Who sang to sweeten Ireland's wrong
> Ballad and story, rann and song;
> Nor be I any less of them
> Because the red rose-bordered hem
> Of her whose history began
> Before God made the angelic clan,
> Trails all about the written page,
> For in the world's first blossoming age
> The light fall of her flying feet
> Made Ireland's heart begin to beat,
> And still the starry candles flare
> To help her light foot here and there,
> And still the thoughts of Ireland brood
> Upon her holy quietude.

The poems here defended—Mr. Yeats's Irish poems—are certainly very remote: I suppose none ever touched

more distantly or more obliquely a question of contemporary political strife: none ever appealed less to the selfish fears and hates of men. But I believe they have done more for Ireland than all the threats and curses of the last hundred years. Is this what it is to be unpractical?

> What else is wisdom?—what of men's endeavour
> Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great?
> To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait,
> To hold a hand uplifted over hate;
> And shall not Loveliness be loved for ever?*

What Poetry can do, then, is to express not our transitory wishes, but our eternal aspirations: she designs, but she cannot argue about details. That is the work of Reason, scientific, dispassionate, honourably prosaic. On the other hand, the Poet must not be so remote as to be no longer human. He, like the rest of us, is earth-born, and must never deny his double nature. If he builds an ideal world for us, he must use the material of our actual life: otherwise he fails, he leaves us cold, we refuse to enter into his alien and unattractive Paradise. This explains the astonishing weakness of our religious poetry. We might have supposed that Art would have been at her most powerful when dealing with Religion: and this expectation is amply borne out by the history of painting in Europe. But it is hardly to be disputed that in this country at least religious poetic activity has been a feeble and mechanical activity, only saved from total failure by the aid of music and other extraneous associations. I am speaking now of poetic activity in the wider sense, of the creative imagination, whether working through prose or verse; but only as it deals with the public aspect of religion, and mainly of its operations in verse. Its endeavours have been made with too little regard for the double nature of man: it has tried not so much to re-make this world as to make a new one out of unfamiliar or misplaced materials: it has invented a Paradise which is not a transfiguration of this life, but an irrelevant sequel to it.

I will not quote from the religious verse in which this conception has been so often uttered, because, though it is mainly rubbish, I cannot forget that even a bit of rubbish

* Gilbert Murray, *Bacchæ*.

may be endeared to someone by an accidental memory, a fragrance conveyed by it though not issuing from its own substance. But I do not need to quote: the feeling of alienation caused by this too unearthly ideal is well known to most of us. It was twice expressed by Mary Coleridge in her poems—expressed with perfect reverence and perfect sincerity. First, she declares that she loves the Earth she knows more than the Heaven of the Hymnal:—

Is that the home, the Father kind,
  Is that the country of our birth?
Were we created deaf and blind,
  That we prefer the toilsome earth?

Its setting sun, its changing sea,
  The day, the dark refreshing night,
The winds that wander wide and free,
  Are dearer than the Land of Light.

More than this: she loves even the labour of this world better than the restful monotony of that other.

I envy not the dead that rest,
  The souls that sing and fly;
Not for the sake of all the Blest,
  Am I content to die.

My being would I gladly give,
  Rejoicing to be freed;
But if for ever I must live,
  Then let me live indeed.

What peace could ever be to me
  The joy that strives with strife?
What blissful immortality
  So sweet as struggling life?

Among the few hymns to be excepted from this condemnation of futility is that anonymous one—not to be found in many of the modern books for church use—in which, among all the old conventional splendours borrowed from the gorgeous East and to us almost senseless, among the walls of precious stones and turrets of carbuncles and streets paved with pure gold, we come suddenly upon a touch like this:—

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
  Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
  As nowhere else are seen.

It is only a touch: but it is convincing because, though other-worldly, it is still human: it has still something of our own, something that is a memory as well as a hope. In this it obviously resembles the far greater poetry from which it is derived—the poetry of the ancient Hebrews. We are told that the ancient Hebrews had no thought of personal immortality, but they had a passionate belief in an eternal excellency, and they embodied their ideal in the visible beauty of their own city.

> The hill of Sion is a fair place, and the joy of the whole earth: upon the north side lieth the city of the great King: God is well known in her palaces as a sure refuge.
>
> Walk about Sion and go round about her: and tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, set up her houses: that ye may tell them that come after.
>
> For this God is our God for ever and ever: he shall be our guide unto death.

This union of the fervour of patriotism with the fervour of moral aspiration produced a poetry which is to all our liturgical poetry as a great and sonorous bell is to the vague whistle of the wind. It rings to the height of heaven, but it was cast in the bowels of earth. Therefore it has in all generations moved men as no other poetry has ever moved them.

There is another reason for the influence of the Psalms: they do not attempt to do the work of prose. They do not deal in history or argument: they do not, as our hymns often do, support particular dogmas, or illustrate the Calendar of a particular Church, or justify the authority of a particular hierarchy. They are, in short, remote—remote from practical religious politics: but that is only to say that they have fed the deeper springs of human emotion and exercised an unparalleled power in moments of crisis. Before our society can hope to produce such poetry as this, we must learn to clear our vision and see, as we hardly see at present, what is the true nature of the religious ideal and how it is related to our common life.

> What's a religion? 'Tis a poet's dream
> Done into deadly prose by earnest men,
> Stript of the charm, the madness, and the gleam
> Of highest reason, by the industrious pen.
>
> 'Tis Quixote's chivalry—in Sancho's brain
> Turning to islands where himself may rule—

> Knight-errant wandering through too real a Spain,
> Misapprehended by the faithful fool,
> Scorned by the strong, derided by the proud,
> Played with by Fashion, battered by the Crowd.*

Lastly, there is one more problem of our social life which troubles us from time to time, and which comes within the range of our present survey: the problem of the relation of Poetry, of creative Art, to public morality. This, too, will have a different and, I think, a less confusing appearance if we view it from the standpoint which I have tried to indicate. It is not so simple a question as that of the relation of Poetry to Politics and Religion, because it is not concerned only with perception and reason, but with a third force in human life, an activity which is not æsthetic or intellectual.

> The Senses, loving Earth or well or ill,
> Ravel yet more the riddle of our lot.

That is to say, they are not content with theoretic existence, they take man out of the sphere of pure being into that of doing, getting, becoming: they make him a moral as well as an instinctive and reasoning animal.

The way in which the problem presents itself is this. So long as a man keeps entirely to himself and his private circle the expression of his own intuitions—that is, the works of art which he creates—no one could possibly claim to pass any judgment upon them. But when an artist exhibits his work to his fellow-citizens, when a poet multiplies and distributes his poems, it becomes a matter of practical interest to the community in which he lives to observe what effect, if any, is produced by them. In Politics and cases of religious controversy this anxiety does not arise, because the approval of at least one party is secured; but there is no party which does not desire good public morals, though there may be disagreement as to the best method of achieving the desired result. The inquiry then is legitimate, but though some make it coolly, others make it with apprehension, and often fall into error. Sometimes, for instance, they exclaim against a book as "immoral" because it supplies arguments against an established institution, such as the institution of marriage.

* *Verse*, by Bernard Holland (1912), p. 144.

Here they forget that as a community we in England have agreed to permit all institutions to be publicly criticised: a man may, if he wishes, advocate the abolition of the Church, the Post Office, the House of Lords, or any other institution. If he does this seriously and disinterestedly in a book, we may regret the existence of such opinions and dread their propagation, but we have no right to do anything but controvert them. If, however, the book claims to be a work of art, we are entitled to say that it is faulty, because argument is the business of Science, of Reason, of Prose in the true sense, not of Poetry. Poetry does not *advocate* a new world; it instantly and of its own power *creates* a new world. What happens or is done or thought or said in that world can have no direct reference to the affairs of our everyday life. This is easily and very generally perceived in the case of rhythmical poetry: the form of the verse, and perhaps some peculiarity of diction, removes what we hear to a distance from the prose world. But in the common unrhythmical fiction, where too the subject-matter, the raw material, is drawn very directly from everyday experiences and expressed in language approximating to the language of ordinary life, there, however creative, however essentially poetic the work is, however truly it makes a new world out of the old, there is a risk of a mistaken identification, of a confusion between the two. And the risk is perhaps greatest when the art is most moving, for that is when it transfigures life most, and yet changes it least: the common mind then easily perceives the similarity and overlooks the difference. Yet it is the difference and not the similarity that is the more important: the fallacy lies in taking the similarity for identity. This confusion is due to that inveterate belief that Art is a description, reproduction, or imitation, of things as they are. When we have freed ourselves from this unscientific delusion, and realised the true function of Poetry, those who read will cease to regard fiction as a highly rhetorical method of advocacy, and those who write will perhaps remember too that they cannot be artistic and argumentative at the same time.

It is possible, then, for art to be bad art; is it not possible for it to be bad morals, to be dangerous to the community? I do not doubt that it is: there may be danger

of the worst, and when it exists it will be a much more insidious danger than that commonly apprehended. Information does not corrupt, nor does argument: if they did, Science would be the most dangerous of all influences, and there have been times and places in which it was so considered. What corrupts or may corrupt is contact with a corrupt personality. Now contact with a personality is precisely what Art gives. The Poet, the artist, takes you into his new world. What you see or hear there may be painful or pleasant, but it cannot in itself be harmful: it is merely a kind of spiritual experience. But the atmosphere of that world, the quality of the imagination you breathe there, the unseen but all-pervading presence of the creative spirit, that is a vital matter.

What we should ask, then, when these moments of apprehension come, is not "What does this book advocate? What does it attack? What painful incidents does it narrate: what plain or uncomfortable words does it use?" The inquiry should go deeper: it should be, "What is this writer's personality? Is it disinterested or selfish, fine or base?" And to this it would very seldom be difficult to find the right answer if the right evidence were taken. That is not to be done by gathering isolated words or passages, taking them out of one world and bringing them back to another—they may very likely be quite out of key here, as many persons and events in history are out of key with the life of to-day, and yet we do not demand that they should be expunged from the record. No, it is only by taking the book as a whole, and the man behind the book, by observing not mere details, but the indwelling soul which gives them life and unity, that we can estimate the possible moral effect. The danger, when there is danger, comes not from what is startling, what is called shocking, but from what is insidious. That which shocks, whether good or evil, calls forth a natural resistance: that which permeates does not, though it may be the most powerful influence in a life and the most indelible. I will set down here a quotation from the literature of a generation ago. I do not know the author's name or whether he is still alive: but in truth no one man is responsible for the work in question, because being a piece written for the theatre, it was in reality the result of a kind of collaboration

between the author and his audience. I take it as typical of the world which they created by the demand and supply of this and similar expressions. In that world the ideal man addresses the ideal woman as follows :—

> I come as a cavalier,
> And I think you'd take it not amiss
> I do as a cavalier,
> Who is never loth to steal a kiss.
> And never a cavalier
> Would be a gallant knight and true,
> Who wouldn't confer a kiss
> Upon a girl who wished him to.

This is an isolated fragment? It is. I have no space for more. But my memory tells me that in the generation in which it was written it was popular and representative. My memory also tells me that in the same generation loud cries of denunciation were hurled against a book called *Tess of the Durbervilles*. To-day there is a great change : we know that book. We have forgotten the shock it gave; we have not forgotten the pain, but it no longer troubles us, because we have learnt to share it. We know the spirit that in that world cries for beauty, and, above all, for moral beauty. Is it there or in the "gallant cavalier" atmosphere that the soul may breathe with least danger? And if vulgarity, baseness of thought and feeling, is the real enemy, the real disease which softens and eats away the tissues of the mind, is it not true that Science and Art are its two antidotes, and Art, great Art, the stronger of these?

Of Poetry this is certainly true, and none the less because the poet draws so much of his power from sympathy with every activity of the human spirit. For him, as for the great apostles of religion, nothing is to be called common or unclean. Hazlitt remarked of Shakespeare that he was "in one sense the least moral of all writers; for morality (commonly so called) is made up of antipathies, and his talent consisted in sympathy with human nature in all its shapes, degrees, depressions, and elevations."

Sir Walter Raleigh, after quoting this, adds a word of his own.* "This is indeed the everlasting difficulty of Shakespeare criticism, that the critics are so much more moral than Shakespeare himself, and so much less experi-

* Shakespeare (*English Men of Letters*), p. 165.

enced. He makes his appeal to thought, and they respond to the appeal by a display of delicate taste. . . . They cannot endure to enter such and such a place. They turn away their eyes from this or that person. They do not like to remember this or that fact. Their morality is made up of condemnation and avoidance and protest. What they shun in life they shun also in the drama, and so shut their minds to nature and to Shakespeare."

A Garden Enclosed

By F. Tennyson Jesse

WHY Sophia Jervis went to Sant' Ambrogio she herself could not have told; to all outward seeming she merely drifted there, influenced by the many little urgencies of travel—the name seen casually in a guide-book and all unnoticed stamping itself on her brain; a chance mention of the place caught from some fellow-traveller, aided by the fact that the time-table had happened to open at the words "Sant' Ambrogio"—these were the trifles by which the power stronger than herself guided Sophia, with such cunning manipulation, such a fine lack of insistence even on the trifles, that she was unaware of any power at work. Also she was in that numbed condition which mercifully follows any great straining of emotion; even pain lay quiescent, though rather in a swoon than a sleep—a mere blankness from which it would struggle up more insistent than before.

When Sophia alighted from the train at the nearest station for Sant' Ambrogio, and found the carriage she had ordered awaiting her, she was not in the mood to take joy in anything she saw; and yet, as the wiry little Tuscan horse trotted swiftly along she found herself, though not actually responding, at least offering no blank wall of resistance to the country around. To say country, as though a landscape consisted of mere earth and vegetation, is to make an incomplete statement; the quality of the light, the harmony or discordance where man's work meets Nature; and, above all, the intangible atmosphere, rarer and more vital than the actual enveloping air, that is the soul of a country—all these are of more potency than the position of a clump of trees or the existence of a particular crop. And nowhere is this atmosphere more elusive but more compelling than in Tuscany at spring time. Sophia was too deadened to respond, but she felt the echo of the thing,

as it were, in much the same way that a stone-deaf person feels vibrations run through the floor and up his chair to his spine when certain chords are played on an organ.

It is a drive of about five miles from the railway station to Sant' Ambrogio, and the road winds across the plain, sometimes rising and falling, always leading towards the rim of interfolding hills. In the vineyards the vines, naked at first glance, were just beginning to flower, and the rows of pollarded planes from which they were festooned showed a glory of young leaf. The maize was a couple of feet in height, and where the sun shone through the blades of it they looked like thin green flames. The heat was intense, and the air seemed stifled with the subtle smell of the dust that lay thickly over the road and powdered the grassy edges. The whole plain of Tuscany, apparently empty of human life, and consequently filled with a sense of utter peace, seemed a vast green platter brimming with a divine ether and held up towards the heavens by the steady hands of genii. Only Sophia's carriage showed like a black insect winging a course fast enough to itself but slow to the gaze of any being who, looking down on this dish held for the gods, could see the whole expanse of it at once.

Everywhere was a sense of light—light steeping the sky, drenching the earth, and vibrating in the spaces between; light that gave a gracious blur to edges, that refracted from each subtle difference of plane and angle; light that permeated the very shadows so that they seemed semi-transparent. One with this sense of light, as body is one with soul, was the sense of colour—tender greens, at once pure and delicate; blues that paled to the merest breath or merged in a soft purple. The wideness of the view gave full value to the exquisitely fine curves which composed it—the curves of outline where hills and long sweeping slopes came against the sky, and the curves of surfaces, which interfolded and led into each other like the waters of a vast lake where Time has stayed his foot and the spell-bound water holds for ever the slopes and gradations blown into being by an arrested wind.

Something—an emotion impersonal in itself yet arousing the personality in her—began to stir at Sophia's heart; then, as the carriage rounded a curve in the road and she received the shock of Sant' Ambrogio against the distant

arch of the sky, sudden tears burned in her eyelids. Leaning back as well as she could against the uncompromising cushions, she gazed from between lids half-closed so as to narrow her vision on the one thing.

Sant' Ambrogio is a little city of towers, some twenty of them, varying in height, all clustered together within the circling walls and pricking the sky like a group of tall-stemmed flowers in a garden. The town seems to have grown rather than been built on the crest of the only great hill for miles, but the ripples of the plain all converge towards it, leading the eye naturally up to this little crown of Tuscany. When they considered a tower a reminder of God, the ancients were not without a deeper spiritual foundation than they knew of; there is nothing of more direct psychological significance than line, and the many upward-springing lines of Sant' Ambrogio made it seem a thing so lightly poised as to be almost hanging from the heavens. A sense of something winged, which, though just resting on the earth, yet had plumes ready pricked for flight, impressed itself on Sophia's brain as she gazed.

"This might have been beautiful for me if only I could still feel," was her swift thought, and she closed her eyes to let the gleam of light thus evoked sink into her mind. As she lay with her consciousness turned inwards, the deadened fibres of her began to stir; pain moved in its swoon, and, waking, took the keenest form of all—remembrance. Quite suddenly there flashed before her mental vision the loggia at the top of the old palace in Florence where she and Richard had said good-bye. She, who was to see the cords of passion grow slack, had there seen them stretched at their tensest, and the memory of it clutched at her heart with that pity for him which had kept her calm for his comfort. Now, mingled with it, was her own pain, which, at the time, her thought for him had overwhelmed. She saw again his face as she had seen it then—his thin, hawk-like profile dark and sharply-cut against the evening sky. With the memory of the pain that had gone through her at that moment, the power to feel stirred again, and it was that moment which struck at her anew. Her hands fastened suddenly on the hot sides of the carriage.

"Oh, oh!" she said in the low voice that overwhelming sorrow can wring from the tongue, a soliloquy terrible in

its unself-consciousness; "oh, oh! I can't bear it; I can't bear it!"

As the horse slowed down at the beginning of the hill the first poignancy of Sophia's reawakened feeling passed off, and she lay back, her hands lying palm upwards in her lap. With entry into the town came coolness; the ancient architects of the South knew better than to favour the broad streets planned by their descendants, and the narrow ways threaded so cunningly between the tall cliffs of houses were cool as shadowed streams. The greyness of the paved street fell like a suggestion of peace on Sophia after the searching sunlight of the plain, and the acuteness of her mental trouble subsided in response to the sense of physical ease; she had regained her grip of herself when the carriage drew up at the door of the Albergo Santo Spirito.

The Albergo is a whitewashed building set round a courtyard; clean, unfretted by detail, full of dim, sweet spaces and gay domestic sounds. Sophia, aware of its charm, yet realised, on looking back afterwards, that she had also been aware that the inn was for her but the antechamber to some other place or state, as yet unrevealed. At the time she was only conscious that a sense of waiting held the calm air, though, if she had thought to ask herself the question, she would have said that life held nothing for which it could be worth her while to wait.

After she had washed her face and hands in the bare little whitewashed room assigned to her, she went out to wander about the town till dinner. Motorists have not yet spoiled the population of Sant' Ambrogio, and, unmolested by any clamour for alms, Sophia passed along the shady street, where the black-haired, kerchiefed women, with their fine, rock-hewn faces and deep-set eyes, were knitting at their house doors. In the big, cool church, whose walls of banded black and white marble were quieted by the dim light, which just showed the dark gargoyles writhing like things of a dream over cornice and capital, Sophia knelt down, more to wrap herself in the peace of it than to pray. The very keenness of her cry for peace made her fail, and rising she wandered round the church till she came to the little chapel on whose walls the life of the town's saint, Beata, has been painted by some "Ignoto" who must have had a touch of genius. Sophia stood and gazed at the

various scenes. Santa Beata, a child with corn-coloured hair lying along her back, running away from her resentful playmates, a set of curly-headed, sly, pinching, clear-eyed ragamuffins such as those who quarrel and play in the streets of Sant' Ambrogio to this day. Santa Beata, wrapped in a cloud, conversing with the Beloved, while the children search the field vainly for her—the Beloved Himself being naïvely expressed by what looked like a small bonfire, but proved, in a strange medley of legend and Old Testament story, to be a burning bush. Santa Beata vowing herself to virginity and lying down on the narrow maiden bed she never left again; Santa Beata being visited by cherubim—little burning heads with awful eyes and folded wings—blown in at the door, while through the window showed the plain of Tuscany, pale silvery greens and blues, and in the distance Sant' Ambrogio himself, wafted on a cloud, approached the town to bear the saint away. By her side crouched her old mother, a knotted, burnt-out woman with long wrists, just a literal transcript of many a prematurely old peasant mother before and since, her patient eyes seeing no one but her daughter.

The more she looked at Santa Beata the more Sophia, who without thinking much about it had a realisation of her own type, was struck by the resemblance between them. The red-brown hair folded about Sophia's head was darker than the locks that lay combed out over the saint's pillow, but the long oval of the faces, the girlish thinness of modelling and the narrow eyes set in heavily-folded lids over rather prominent cheek-bones, were the same; and the same, too, were the pointed chins and the delicately full lips tucked in at the corners like those of a child. Santa Beata had only been sixteen at the time of her death and Sophia was twenty-two, but the earlier ripening of the South made the apparent years swing level. Suddenly Sophia turned away, fierce envy of this untroubled girl who had finished long ago with the business of life surging in her heart. The memory of the past month seemed shameful and she herself not fit to hold intercourse with other girls—girls to whom things had not happened. In that moment Sophia knew she had lost her girlhood none the less surely for having saved her virginity, which three things had helped to guard—a clarity of pre-vision which bade her not give

Richard even what he most desired, because it showed her that it must inevitably work him misery; the knowledge that he did not love her finely enough for such a gift to be fitting; and thirdly, the strongest thing of all—that no one who is accustomed, however imperfectly, to walk in the spiritual world, can lightly forgo the privilege. "I should have been afraid of losing touch," Sophia said long after, when she saw how that fear had constrained her. Now, looking at Santa Beata and realising more vividly than ever before the power which virginity, as an idea, has always swayed, she felt she had forfeited, by her gain in experience, communion with those who were still virginal in soul as well as in body. On the steps of the church she passed some children playing—children still at the age when their heads are very big and round—and she remembered how, in a half-ruined castle Richard and she had visited together, two little peasant girls, clear-eyed, freckled young creatures, had taken them for husband and wife; and how one demanded shyly whether she had a baby at home. "No, I have no baby," Sophia had said quietly, and the child replied: "What a pity! He would be sweet, your baby. . . ."

"He would be sweet . . . my baby," thought Sophia, staring at the big round heads and little necks with that pang of yearning pity without which she could never look on children. It is a great truth that no woman has ever loved a man unless she has wanted to bear him a child, and the knowledge that she would never make this greatest of all offerings to Richard pressed on Sophia's heart. She was not one of those women who desire children as an end in themselves, to whom they would mean more than the husband; she was of those who long to bear them to the loved man because for him the utmost must be suffered and given; but for any other man it would be a thing unspeakable. Therefore she saw the best put out of life for her, and she hurried away from the children on the steps. Turning down a narrow lane she came to a door in the wall, and pushing it open she looked into what seemed a lake of green light, flecked with swaying rounds of sun and chequered with deeper green shadows—a garden run luxuriantly wild. Sophia stepped inside, and on her right, built half against and half on the wall, she saw a little

ochre-washed house with faded blue shutters. Wandering on, she came to some lilacs in hard, red bud that hung over a well, and passing under the arch they made she found the further end of the garden. There a flight of uneven old steps led to the top of the wall, and she went up them. At the head of the steps, the wall—which was the outer fortification of the town—widened into a circle some twenty feet across, with a stone seat inset in the parapet that ran round it, and a sundial without a hand in the middle. Sophia stood still and drew a long breath—the place, in its look of eld and aloofness, was so exactly like some enchanted spot in a fairy-story. Crossing the flagstones she looked out over the miles of plain lying below her; here and there were patches of olive trees, not growing in masses like a grey-green sea as they did further north where he and she had seen them, but planted far apart; from where Sophia stood they looked like nothing so much as clouds of dust puffing up from the ground.

Sophia stretched herself long and slowly; then throwing off her hat, she laid her arms along the parapet and her sleek head down upon them.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come," she moaned. "I'm going to feel again. . . ."

Her hand went out to the little hanging bag she carried and drew back again, then setting her mouth, she made herself unfasten the clasp and take out a bundle of letters which she laid on the seat beside her. As her eyes lit on the familiar writing a deadly nausea took hold of her, she felt physically sick and put her hand up to her throat to check its contraction. A letter from him always affected her in that way, so that she sat, sick and faint, unable to open it, and now these oft-read letters were as potent as ever. She noted with a vague, impersonal surprise that her hands were shaking, and folding them in her lap she sat still, forcing her thoughts, in spite of the pain it stirred in her, to go back over the past month.

II.

On looking back the whole time seemed set in a clear, sunlit atmosphere of its own as in a magic sphere where the present had always taken a more than normal clearness of

edge and the past and future ceased to be. It struck her as curious that the prevailing note of that month should have been a sense of utter peace; not realising that, peace being the thing his frayed nerves craved, she therefore supplied it, wrapping him round with it, living so in him and for him that while with him she received the impression of peace herself, only having sensations of her own when they were apart. His need—that was the great thing, and though she had not stopped to analyse what his need was, she had felt it was for soothing and rest.

She was a writer, and on the money made by her first book she came to Italy, and in Florence she met him, a painter of some note, of whom she had vaguely heard in London. Although he was twenty years older than she their minds chimed from the first; one of them had only to half say a thing for the other to understand it. At the beginning there was nothing between them but friendship, tinged—though for her quite unconsciously—with the element of sex. For him, he had since told her, things were very different from the moment he met her; to the average woman the term "physical attraction" is so meaningless that she stared in uncomprehension when he told her how profoundly she had troubled him from the first. For this girl, whose pulses had never been fluttered to quickness, and who, though in imagination she could project herself into passion, always shrank from any sign of it in actuality, was reserved the doubtful compliment of stirring the passionate side of the man's nature more violently than it had ever been before. He kept the ugly thing well hidden, and she never guessed at it until her own pity and trust and affection made her unwittingly tempt him beyond endurance. Pity, allied to the intellectual pleasure they took in each other, moved her first, for he was unhappy, and she, too, had the habit of pain. She remembered the first whole day they had taken together; how they climbed up to San Miniato and found a field in which they lay and talked, and how he came back with her to the thirteenth-century palace beside the Arno where she lodged. She had a little room with a painted ceiling, and the infant Bacchus and adoring nymphs disporting themselves in bas-relief on the mantelpiece; a room looking over the brown fluted roofs of Florence, but the great loggia where he and

she sat faced the Arno, and they had coffee and cigarettes and watched the swift blue night fall over Florence while the swarm of lights waked broken reflections in the swirling water. On the loggia they exchanged a brief mention of their troubles, both commonplace enough; hers a childhood with parents who perpetually quarrelled, the mother a hard worldly woman who eventually took to drugs, and a father who had at last left for another woman the home which was so unbearable; while Sophia herself had only shaken off the horrors of it and earned her own living, barely enough at that, a few months earlier.

Richard's trouble was his wife, who seemed not unlike Sophia's mother. He was both too kindly and too weak—for his was one of those temperaments that shrink from any display of unpleasantness—to have mastered her brutally and for good—and strong enough to go on living in the same house with her because, although she made his life a weariness, she was an intensely conventional woman to whom the position of a wife separated from her husband before all the world would have been intolerable. Between him and Sophia the fact that they both knew the terror of not being able to slip out even to post a letter without dreading what they might find on going back, made a bond of sympathy.

Sophia, ignorant as she was, could not be a young, and, for some people, a beautiful woman, without having learned a few stray scraps of wisdom, and one was that when a man began to confide his troubles to her it was as well to see less of him. But Sophia let herself drift, because she liked being with the man so much; and also the fact that he was from her own place, that the relentless gods had brought him to Florence to meet her, and would, in due course, send them both back to where, henceforth, they would know each other, gave her a curious feeling of being entrapped in some web too powerful to break. She never blamed him or let him blame himself for what inevitably happened.

"Sophia, my sweet," he wrote her in one of the letters she now picked up at random, "I didn't deliberately set to work to make love to you. I knew your beauty inflamed me and your wit delighted me. But when we first met I thought we should just see each other a few times and

quarrel and laugh, and I should revel in your looks and no harm done. And now little Miss Jervis has turned into Sophia, and either I must have Sophia for ever and ever mine, or I ought to have stuck to an elderly uncle line and come away with no tears for her and no self-loathing for me, and no need to lie and shuffle and make her share in the lies and shuffles for the future."

"You'll never do that, dear," thought Sophia, laying the letter down. "When I have to come back to London we'll meet honestly, or not at all. For there's nothing on earth that's worth living in a sea of lies for. . . ." She remembered how he had asked her if she would come and see his wife, so that he and she might meet on an accepted footing, and how the doubtful taste of the proposition had jarred her. He argued that because they would be honestly "playing the game" by his wife, Sophia need not mind the meeting; his knowledge of women was curiously insensitive and blunt, and he had no conception of how impossible it would be for Sophia to sit quietly and see another woman doing the honours of his house. In this he was not entirely to blame, for Sophia so contrived to hoodwink him that he never quite knew she loved him, certainly never knew the force of her love. He thought of her as a reckless, innocent child stung to lavish giving out of affection and pity, and so, to begin with, she had been. The woman Sophia kept up what had become a pose, not only from the pride of a maiden, but also because some instinct told her that sooner or later he would rather be able to think she had not given more.

For the first week either of them would have declared that all was well and there was no danger, yet each day marked a distinct step further on, a definite phase passed through. Sometimes they wandered about Florence, in the Boboli and the Cascine gardens, or upon the windy heights of Fiesole; sometimes he hired a queer little carriage with swift, bedecked horses, and they drove far out into the country, not getting home till night. The day before the revelation came was one of the most exquisite they spent together, one of which Sophia could still hardly bear to think. Leaving the carriage at a little village, they wandered on foot into a lovely valley, and laughed because he called it "old mastery," pointing out the Turneresque

effect of a ruined castle set high amidst a mass of olives which were being blown pale against it. Presently they came to a stream that stormed down the valley and fell into seven successive pools; deep, still pools as green as ice, with sunlit bubbles sent driving through them by the impetus of the clear arch of descending water. Beside the largest pool, on a smooth grey slab of rock screened by the overhanging cliff, they sat and ate their lunch of bread and hard-boiled eggs and wine, and the sun shone on the glossy red-brown hair so cunningly folded about Sophia's head, and shone in the depths of her grey eyes and on her tanned skin. When they had finished she lay a little below him, closing her eyes to feel the blown spray drift against her lids, and she never knew till he told her that his hand had been on her hair the whole time, and never knew till later still that she had been loving him even then. The day passed in a perfect harmony of speech and silences, and all the time Sophia was giving—giving peace and mothering and delight, giving the sky and the earth and the very air they breathed. Only someone who has ever made a gift of a day knows the joy that it is—how each golden moment, conscious of its own beauty, hangs poised like a held breath; how the sun and wind and flowers and the upward curves of the supporting earth are all parts of the gift, making the giver a god who pours out creation for his friend.

The next day they took train to Pisa on a more sophisticated errand, since he had undertaken to make a sketch of the tower for a friend who was "sheeking" some Italian backgrounds. Sophia wandered happily about the town while he did so, and then they met for lunch in the garden of an old inn.

"I'm afraid of to-day," he told her, "because it can't be as perfect as yesterday. Nothing could—that's the worst of a day like that."

"I'll *make* it as perfect," Sophia replied, and she kept her word. She still had no idea she loved him, she only knew that she wanted to shield and protect him, that she was happy with him and felt the power to make him happy, and that she trusted him utterly. Without realising it, she tempted him cruelly by her very trust, and that day her calm recklessness of speech, her gaze that meeting his so

straight and untroubled, disturbed him so profoundly, were too much for him.

"Take off your glove," he said suddenly.

Sophia's notions of love had been culled from books, and she considered it inseparable from what she termed "thrills." How was she to know that a woman, especially what is called a "nice" woman, can love without the promptings of the pulses? Because she felt no sensuous "thrill" at the tone of command, it never occurred to her to think she could be in love, wherein she was making another common literary mistake—that of thinking that every woman enjoys being mastered. Sophia found her joy in ready compliance with the demands of the beloved, not in arranging set scenes of clashing wills and conciliations. Taking off her glove, she gave him her hand.

"When I say that I want to kiss you now," he said, "it doesn't mean in the way it would have, even a day or two ago. I told you then you affected me . . . but now it would be because I love you."

Sophia's hand moved slightly in his.

"Yes," she said hesitatingly, "in a way—of course. I know you're very fond of me—and all that."

"In *the* way," he returned, "and I'm not fit to hold your hand. D'you know what the life of an average man is like—especially of a man in my circumstances?"

"You mean—women?"

"Yes—bought women," he said brutally. "Does it make a lot of difference to you?"

Sophia, refusing to let her mind so much as dwell with any effort of realisation on his confession, closed her hand firmly over his.

"It doesn't make any difference. Nothing does. If I could look after you—if you were free to be looked after—you wouldn't have to go to other women any more. I care about you more than about any man I've ever met."

"And I don't care about you more than any woman I've ever met. You're unique and you're you, but I've been in love a good many times. And there's always the big one I've told you about. I feel I've so little left to give, and yet—by God, Sophia! I *could* give to you, even battered old I!"

"I'd be such a wife to you," said Sophia proudly,

clenching her free hand, "that I should fear no other woman on earth."

"And you wouldn't need to . . . Sophia!" he cried. "How you would give!"

"And we mustn't, either of us," said Sophia, and to soften the speech she bent her head swiftly and kissed the hand she held.

"My dear . . .!" he said huskily, and Sophia led the way out of the garden.

That night, after he had left her at her shabby old palace, he went back to his hotel and sat up, smoking heavily, most of the night. Towards morning, he wrote her a letter—the first in order of those beside her on the seat. She took it up now and read it once again.

"Sophia, Sophia," it ran, "I'm in the depths of misery. What have I done to you and what is going to come of it all? When this time is over? When we're back in London and out of lotus land? You know—stolen interviews and weeks without meeting, and that old and awful struggle between 'the game' at home and my inclinations abroad. And I've hardly written so far when I'm feeling better. Dear, what does all that matter? I feel the shadow of that coming gloom on me already, but how glorious the sunshine's been for me! I'm not going to think or worry—yet. What will happen when I'm back in London must happen, but if I had you by me now I shouldn't care a damn for that. I feel stupid and stockish. There are such millions of things I want to say to you, Sophia—and they're mostly middle-aged things. That's the worst of it. Warnings I feel I ought to give you about myself and my temper and my terrible ease in giving way to adverse circumstances. I've told you I'm not big enough or strong enough for you to care for me except as a useful old pal. You'll find me out and hate me. All sorts of ghastly bogies are waiting to jump out at me. They'll get me. But you, dear, you gracious, reckless woman-child, whatever you think of me in the future you can't rob me of to-day and yesterday and all those days, and especially to-day. Things like that are too sacred to write about, almost to think of. And we're deadly honest with each other, that's a great thing. The more I dream of you the more I want you here, now. I simply can't write, I've been nearly as

high this afternoon as I shall ever get, perhaps quite—and one has to pay for that. Oh, my dear; please God, you'll never pay for me! Sophia, you're very dear to me. Richard. You poor child—you glorious woman!"

The next day both fell from their high altitude. They had driven to a little half-deserted town, a white, dead, staring, crumbling place—a place of blind windows and glaring silences. Both felt a sense of tension, and leaving the carriage they wandered round the walls, and climbing over a broken gap sat down on a grassy spur of the hill-side, with their backs to the terrible little town. As usual, by now, they talked about themselves, chiefly of him, and he told her that though several women had been fond of him as a friend and liked to "mother" him even as she did, no one of them had cared for him in another way or kissed him as a lover kisses. He slipped an arm round her shoulders as he spoke. Sophia was as ignorant as an infant of what kissing like a lover might be, and in a rush of pity and affection she turned her face up towards him.

"Oh, it isn't as if we were going on afterwards like this," she said; "this is just a bit cut out of life for me to give you. It's taking nothing from her, she doesn't want to give you anything. And I want to make this bit as splendid as I can for you."

He felt her shoulder touch his as she leant her warm young body towards him, he saw the glory of her eager eyes and mouth, and he caught her to him, crushing her fiercely. . . . Sophia wondered if this awful kiss were ever going to stop; she had never known there was such a way of kissing—a hard pressure, a sucking of her very soul—and she was filled with horror under it. When he loosed her she turned and buried her face against the wall. For a while they sat in silence, then she saw him kissing her coat, her sleeve, then her head was pressed back against the wall and his mouth came to hers again. She stayed passive, dazed. In silence they went to the carriage and drove away, and almost silently they parted. Sophia spent the night in a misery of shame, he spent it in mingled excitement and remorse: fearful lest he had aroused in her a passion which would need to be satisfied at the cost of social disaster.

Next day they talked of nothing in particular in a desultory way and did not refer to what had happened until, wandering through one of the wooded mountain slopes beyond Florence, they came on a tiny sportsman's hut with a roof of red fluted tiles and a huge chimney. Sophia peeped and went in; he followed. Within, the hut was only about five feet square, flame-coloured leaves had drifted in through the open doorway and lay piled on the hearth; on the wall were some names rudely scrawled in charcoal.

"How did you sleep?" he asked suddenly.

"I didn't. I was thinking what I should say to you to-day."

"What was it?"

"Never, never again be like you were yesterday. I didn't know it was like that. It was dreadful. I can't bear it."

He took her hands and held them.

"Never, I promise you. I had an awful night. I didn't know what to think or wish or do. Let's get out of this hut. It's too small."

The rest of the day they spent happily under the trees, and it seemed to her that the sense of rest and peace was stronger than if it had never been broken. Very soon came their last day together. They drove to a deserted castle on a hill, called Castello di Luna, and as they went Sophia turned to him.

"To-day's the last," she said, "and I'm going to make it the most beautiful present of all to you. We'll pretend, like children. We'll pretend there's only to-day in the world, that there are no obligations beyond here and now, that we are happy people—we'll pretend."

He gathered her in his arms and kissed her again and again fiercely, but not with the abandonment which had frightened her before, and her heart turned heavy within her and she knew she loved him. They stayed till evening in the neglected garden of the old castle, left discreetly alone by Lucia and Amadea, the little peasant custodians who lived with a beetle-browed mother and a score of younger children in the tower over the gate. It was Lucia who ventured an opinion as to Sophia's baby, and Sophia emptied her pocket-bottle of lavender water over the little

girls' blue check handkerchiefs and told Richard to give them five *lire* apiece against the day when they should have babies of their own.

Then, in the quiet of the old garden, he and she sat and talked and were silent, and, with her arms round him, she drew his head on to her breast, and they played the dangerous game of saying what they would do when they were married.

"Your baby would be sweet!" he quoted to her. "Would you dare even that for me, Sophia?"

"Would I not?" she breathed.

"Oh, I can't give up hoping it may all become possible!" he cried at last, but she shuddered a little. "Don't," she said, "it's building on a grave."

But her heart ached at the sweetness of the vision. She never felt any temptation to fling her cap over the windmill for him, partly because it is very true that "*Les bonnes femmes n'ont pas ces tentations là*," partly because of the much greater things she wanted to give—a hearth that would always warm him, a pillow that would always rest him, and on the hearth a cradle—and these were things that he could not come at through a back door.

They said good-bye on the loggia in Florence, and that night he left for Leghorn. He wrote to her in the train; and bringing her thoughts back to the present by an effort, Sophia picked up the letter now.

"Sophia, Sophia," she read, "is it only you who pay? My sweet, I hope you will never feel what I felt as I went home. The bare truth is I am a coward and a cad, besides being a fool. I began it, and if I didn't know where it was going to lead to I was a fool to play with fire, and I was a cad to go on. Dear, I'd rather go through years of anything you feel than ten minutes of what I'm feeling. But I've got to stick it henceforth when I'm not buoyed up with your presence. It's been so gorgeous, you've been so heavenly, that I'd do it all again. But now besides the awful want of you there's the clear vision of what I am, and it's hideous. I haven't the pluck or the passion to carry you right off before all the world whether you would or no, nor the sense and the honesty and the decency to be just friends with you. Oh, Sophia, I hate myself for it, and hate myself most for being glad, deep

down, that I *did* get what you gave me. I can't find anything solid or honest in me anywhere, except my feeling for you and my joy in our time together, and I've no right to that. This is cruelly unlike what I've preached to you about possessing for ever past joys. I suppose I shall forget my own wickedness and even come to regret that I didn't take more—take *all* by force or guile—for perhaps, after all, it's better to be a downright brute than a half-and-halfer. If so, shan't I be even more unworthy of all you've given me, you sweet, foolish, lavish child? If you were here now, Sophia, I shouldn't be feeling all this. You'd only have to smile at me and I should get back my pride in having won what I have won. But without you I seem to see more clearly what I am. My sweet, wouldn't you be happier if you saw me so, too? All I feel now is a desperate need of you, your hands and your hair and your eyes and your mouth and your voice and your wit and your dear mothering. And next month? Secret meetings and concerted lies, and all the rest of the filthy game? And I drag you into it all because I want you and because my affairs make it necessary to do it or part for good. I'm trying to look at it clearly and see all the worst—misunderstandings, preoccupation, work, moods, fears, all the things that are going to prevent a wretched thing like me from being where he wants to be and doing what he could for you. I wish from the bottom of my soul the train would smash up and kill me to-night. Oh, if there were only the past few weeks to consider it would be simple enough. I've had such a time as I've never had before, and you made it. You said you would and you did. You've given me such a time as a woman never gave a man in our circumstances before. But there's you and the world and the future to consider. It's very small moral satisfaction to me that I didn't deliberately set to work to make love to you. It grew, as you showed me more and more how adorable you were, how gracious and desirable and generous and trusting, you dear nymph of the woods, virgin-mother, friend and lover and comforter. It's no good going on like this, man's a self-deceiving kind of brute, and perhaps before long all the glory of the days of you, you, you, will fit in quite comfortably and the poison of self-hatred cease to hurt.

I stop to-morrow night at the Grand Hotel, Livorno. Will you write to me there, sweet? If I could really be sorry for it all I should like myself better. But I can't. I can only hate myself for glorying in what I got by such means. Write to me—I'm frightened and alone. RICHARD."

"My sweet," the next letter began, "your letter has come. It's what I knew it would be, so brave and sweet and good that I can only wonder at you all the more. It soothes and heals and cheers me, and once more I am drinking your life-blood and using your youth and splendour to live on. Is there anything you wouldn't do for my comfort? When I fell asleep this morning about dawn I dreamt of you and woke all hot and frightened, because I thought I heard you moaning, a horrible, strangled moan. Did I? Oh, my dear, I hope not. I can't get at the truth all these miles away. You see, that brave, wise letter of yours might have meant a huge effort of the will and brain, and not be a direct outflow from the you that gave me those days. Shall I ever see that you again, I wonder? Your letter's like the touch of your lips on my forehead—cooling, healing, bracing and most sweet. Dear, you're not only all I've told you before that you are, but you're wise as well. Oh! child, girl, most wonderfully woman-wise. My sweet, what you could do for me if only we could belong to each other. Sophia, I'm trying hard to knock it into my head that we can't, but I can see now that the trouble's going to be, not remorse or anxiety, but just the big, aching lack of you, and not of your beauty so much as of your tenderness and wit and your weak clinging strength. Oh, Sophia, I'm writing a lot of rot, but it isn't rot really. I mean, you understand. D'you remember the day when you said you'd exactly fitted that long body of yours into the ground? That's how I feel when I rest my mind on yours, only it's the ground and not me that does the shaping."

The next letter was from Marseilles. The last page, which Sophia read through twice, ran thus:

"So good-bye to it all, but not good-bye to Sophia. Dear, I believe very strongly in spiritual converse (I can't find the word I want for it). But don't you feel that my arms *are* round you? I can feel your head on my shoulder and your hair against my cheek. I mean that it isn't just

cheating oneself with vain imaginations to meet like that. I mean to go on thinking of you hard and the vision soothes, not aggravates, the longing, and I will meet you like that at our Castello di Luna. But oh, my dear, I wish it were really truly *now!* There is so much I want from you and must go on wanting. Come to me in thought, my sweet, until we can see and touch and hear each other again. We will always say to each other whatever is in our hearts and minds. And so I'm just starting to go back—Sophia, I can't say 'home.' Home means where you are. Oh, I thought I should go back gaily and take it all up, but it makes me sick with dread. I ought never to have got out of harness. It's better to go on till one drops than to taste freedom and have to give it up. Sweet, your eyes and your mouth and your hair are with me always. Don't call me a materialist, and say it's only your body's beauty that I value. You're sweet to me through and through. Oh, Sophia, come often to meet me in Monte Luna. And there is Lucia to say sweet, impossible things to make us dream. *Ti bacio gli occhi.* RICHARD."

Sophia opened the last sheet of paper. It enfolded three primroses, and on it was written "*Primavere per la Primavera.*" She looked at them a moment, then wrapped them up again and put letters and flowers back in the bag. Behind her the sun was near to setting, and the blaze of it lay full on the towers, making them a bright tawny-grey against the sky of deep steel-colour, and turning to tongues of flame the tufts of yellow gilly flowers—Santa Beata's own plant—that sprang out here and there from the sheer masonry. Some jackdaws flew out of the nearest belfry and circled round it, black amid the brightness. Sophia sprang up and walked to and fro.

"I shall feel again, if I stay here. Unbearably. I wish I hadn't come. I'll go away to-morrow. *Richard, Richard, Richard!*"

But on the morrow, instead of leaving Sant' Ambrogio, Sophia moved from the inn to the little house in the walled garden. Not until she was installed there did she discover that though the house was comparatively modern, the garden was the very one where Santa Beata had seen her visions and dreamed her dreams.

III.

The first morning she spent in the place in the wall, writing him a letter.

"My dear boy," she wrote, "by the time you get this you will be back in the thick of things. If I have given you anything that will help you to go on it's all I want. You must just look on this past month as a holiday snatched from the lap of the gods, and realise, what you're always telling me, that what one's once had one has for always. For there can't be any more, and I'm not even going to write to you. Oh, I feel as though I were failing you in not writing, but I always meant not to, even when you were making plans about it. Letters keep up an atmosphere, and that's better not. Yes, I know what you mean about spiritual meeting. I'm sort of fused with you as I write. I'm not here—or even in the future with you—as you read, for I've pulled the future to me and made it now, now, now, and I'm with you, in the present, as you read this, and I'm drawing your tired head to me, and I feel the very way the thick stuff of your coat arches up under the pressure of my arm. I am you in every bit of me as I write; not yours, but you. But, for the future, in that way only. I felt nothing wrong in all I gave you here, because you needed what I had to give and we were hurting nobody. I'm sure that's the great thing, to hurt nobody, and that includes you and even me. It would be hurting both of us if we were to go on writing, because it would keep it all up and we shouldn't be able to meet again just as friends, and if we make the break we shall; we are strong—or weak—enough for that. Richard, let your answer to this be a long one, won't you? Try and tell me everything I shall want to hear in it because it will be all I shall have to live on. Dear child, take care of yourself, don't overwork and don't forget that open windows are the best thing for that throat of yours. Don't let things at home worry you more than you can help, and always remember there's no need to worry about me at all. SOPHIA."

During the time that she was waiting for the answer to her letter Sophia lived at tension, finding relief in the making of her last gift to him—for she wrote him a poem, and in spite of the deliberate placidity of the thing it eased

the fierce pressure of her thoughts in the way that only creation can. Sophia was soon to enter on her greatest strength of feeling. Richard felt more intensely at the time than at looking back, when his emotions were stale to him, and he marvelled at the strength they had had; Sophia never knew till the actual hour was past what the depth of her emotion was. Partly this was that in their month together the need for calm and clarity on her side was so great, that when with him her being was absorbed in his and so her own feelings had no room for conscious movement until afterwards. There are times, when affairs are at the crest, when, by its intensity, sensation seems numb, but all the while each little thing seen by both inward and outward vision is registered on the mind with peculiar sharpness of edge; only to be realised when the wave of incident has passed, and even then a period of numbness may intervene before realisation enters the soul, deep-driven by the intolerance of memory. Sophia was living in that tense numbness now, but through it external things made their potency felt. She grew to know every corner of the little town, and during the day she would wander several times into the cool dim church, to breathe the silence and the peace of it. And "Richard . . ." she prayed, "Richard . . ." She knew of no definite thing to ask for him, she could not pray he might be free, and happiness was an illusion she had learned to dread; she could only turn his name over and over in her mind, lift it up, hold it up and out with all the strength of her will. Still, in spite of this focussing of her life—a focussing that was to grow even more passionate in long, hot London months to come—there was no unity about it, little sights and impulses fraught with value, yet failed to show any coherent reason; some great cord that could bind everything together was still not gathered up.

One afternoon she wandered out of the town by the big gates, and turning to look back at the sweeping wall she saw a narrow path that girdled its base, rising and falling over the rippling flanks of the hill. As she looked at it some dim memory stirred in her—she remembered having read in her childhood that in olden days a man might own as much land as he could encompass in one walk, returning to his starting-point. The root-instinct of enclosure was

in the idea, and Sophia had a sudden fancy to make the unconscious town her own by the old method. Without thinking of much beyond the physical act, she started along the little track, noting idly yet definitely the look of the stones along the spreading base of the fortifications and the sickles of light made by the sky's reflection on the curving-over grass blades on the other side of the path. She went slowly and when she had half-girdled the town she lay down on a smooth slope, and, locking her hands behind her head, gazed over the fertile plain. On an almond tree near a nightingale began to sing; against the first pink of sunset she saw his little body as a slightly ruffled blot. She let her mind fill with the song so that it became the accompaniment to her thought, and slowly the first glimpse of comprehension began for her.

First she fell to wondering what the plain would look like seen from above—from the point of view of God. "The human mind looking from such a standpoint would have to concentrate on one thing at a time if it wanted to attain any idea but a general vagueness," thought Sophia. "One would have to focus on mountain-ranges, or rivers, or railway-lines. . . ."

She lay imagining it, seeing how the shining network of railroads formed a web over the roundness of the world; thinking how it would seem to this poised mind a mere web and nothing more. A meaningless web; instead of thousands of roads each leading to a different destination and intent on its own business. But if the mind, as well as the point of vision, were that of a god, then each line would be fraught with its individuality—and not merely because each led somewhere; there was more to it than that—Sophia struggled towards it. . . . A different time had seen the making of each railroad, different men worked at the making of them, men with souls which had thought and felt as they laid the steel ribbons on which other souls would be rushed along without guessing anything of the thoughts and feelings. And yet, surely those emotions could not die. . . . Perhaps, one evening, a workman, straightening his back and drawing his hand over his wet forehead, had looked towards the sunset, and in the vague irrational way some scenes are registered on the mind for always, that aspect of sky and darkening hedge against it

would stay in his memory, oddly mixed with the feel of the wet drops on his hand and the easing of the muscles across his back, to be recalled by any similar moment for the rest of his life. If so, how steeped with humanity those few yards of steel would be! And, apart from the emotions connected with it by the sense of sight, what an important part the railroad must play to the men and their wives and children to whom it meant food and fire! And then, the lines finished, each train going over them would pile the human associations thicker yet, heaping up all the feelings, according to their intensity, of the people in the trains. A god, looking down, instead of merely seeing the network of steel, would see as well all the human emotions still clinging to the places where they were lived—a mystical web woven over tangible things, growing deeper with the years. "Which," said Sophia, the first gleam of personal light flashing through her, "is why walking round a place makes it yours if you do it for that. My seeing of this path will be here always, I'm making a belt of consciousness round the town. It's my city! My city set upon a hill!"

She scrambled to her feet and for a moment leant her cheek against the rough stone of the wall, then she went on round the town and in at the great gate.

That evening she sat in Beata's garden, finishing her poem to Richard. Elate as she was, she still had no hint of what her discovery meant, or of how the garden would bring the final revelation to her, but even then she felt the soothing influence that held it and her as she wrote out her poem. It went to him without a title, but for herself she headed it:—

TO THE FORBIDDEN LOVER.

THAT time I gave you one clear moon of days
In the dear Southern land of many moods
She lured us up among her hill-ringed ways
Far from the ordered gardens, far from where,
Sacring the sky, the Christs hang on their roods.
We saw the sea-grey slopes of olive-trees
Blown foamy-pale, from the cloud-ridden air
Fell the swift shadows on those leafy seas.

To lakes of hardened lava we would come,
Scarred, as by whirlpools, with cold crater-rings
Or packed in furrows, like mammoth slugs grown numb
At some disaster of creation's dawn—

A GARDEN ENCLOSED

A burnt-out lunar landscape of dead things.
And there some kindlier whim of path would show
Rocks that might echo to a piping Faun,
Or hide a huntress nymph with spear and bow.

Pan-haunted is that valley where we lay
(Lay, till lulled senses slid into a dream)
Watching sun-wrought reflections of ripples play
And break in shining scales through that green pool,
Deepest of seven strung on a ribbon of stream
That seven times wings the air in curving flight.
And from the gleaming arc blew spray to cool
Lids that were rosy films against the light.

A hut with fluted roof we found one morn,
A fairy-story hut; an empty shrine
Haply once dear to comrades less forlorn,
For on the walls were names of lover-folk.
And there we ate our bread and drank our wine,
A Sacrament of Fellowship; only dregs
We poured to envious gods, and laughing broke
Thrush-like, against a stone, our brown-shelled eggs.

Dearest that castle set in sun and winds
Remote as though upon Olympus hung,
Yet with a human tang that drew our minds
To gentle restful things; an open door,
Warm hearths, silk-curtained beds, and shutters flung
Wing-wide to let us watch the stars pulsating.
Now through closed slats their light must bar the floor
And on the hearth the ash be grey with waiting.

And when for daily troubles you make dole
(Now that the miles have set you far away)
Then to our little castle come in soul.
There, where the two girl-children thought us wed,
There, surely, I need never say you nay;
But, where the hollow curves between the breast
And rounded shoulder, draw your weary head,
And, when the day's lid droops, there give you rest.

The weakness of you I can hold to me,
For since at the world's door the babes unborn
Must vainly beat for us; oh, I will be
A Virgin-Mother to the child in you. . . .
And comradeship is good when sweetly sworn,
Being no less tender for its commonplace
And for its lack of fetters no less true—
Take what you may, my dear, and with good grace.

It was Sophia's first and only love-letter, and she sent it when she got back to England, as a summons to that friendship in which she could have given as richly as in love; and for which, although he had planned it so eagerly, he had too much knack of passion and too little depth of feeling.

IV.

The following evening his letter came, and Sophia, noting the thinness of it compared with those others she had had, knew how his need of her had slackened. She took the letter to her refuge on the wall and sat for a while unable to read it, the old nausea upon her. Then she took a firm grip of herself and opened the envelope. As she read it seemed as though a great blow were struck at her heart. She knew she had expected this, yet the actuality was worse to bear than she had thought.

Richard laughed at her intention of not writing, and himself wrote her little over a page. He began, as usual, "Sophia, my sweet," and made a brief reference to his wife—"She has not had a bad phase yet—and things are quiet, but what is that when one wants sympathy and passion? I feel I am caught up in the old life again and something seems to have gone snap in me. Write to me—for you will write—to my club." The assurance of his tone jarred Sophia, but what hurt her cruelly was his brevity. The fact that she had wanted this letter to be a long one had honestly seemed to him of no importance when set against the fact that he was not in the mood to write it; for he was the creature of his moods and consequently unheeding of those which other folk might wish to have indulged.

Sophia read the letter over and over, and then quite suddenly felt she could not look at it again, and for the first time since the whole affair began, she cried. Crouched on the seat she hid her face while the sobs tore at her and the tears ran over her crossed wrists, and she heard the sound of her own sobs coming to her from a great distance. After a while she sat up, dried her wet face and made herself confront the new aspect of things. She saw that up till now she had not been wholly unhappy, for she had had the past. If he were going to prove unworthy the past would no longer be hers to glory in but would become a time of shame. If—as prevision showed her—she was to know him as unfit for what she had given, the giving would cease to be her happiness. Since the parting she had repeated over and over to herself two sentences from his

letters—"*Virgin-Mother, friend and lover and comforter*" and "*Home means where you are.*" If he could still mean those things she would be perfectly content that he should never again express them; if he were to mean them less as the old life and the old allegiance gripped him, then they would cease to be true and she could not live on them in memory. Few men are strong enough to leave the past alone, many are so afraid of its re-appearance that they try to bury it alive—was he going to deal this last and most cruel blow, a future that would destroy the past? The pitiful part of it all was that Sophia would never have seen him again sooner than try to revive what had happened; had he continued to make love to her she would have refused to let him—all she asked was that the past might be unprofaned. Reading his letter she began for the first time to realise the selfishness of his brilliant, lovable drifting nature, and in that moment her love of him took its firmest hold of her. The merciful phase of numbness was over, and she entered the deep waters at last. She had no strength left to struggle, she could only let them go over her head and await their passing. For her month of joy she was to pay in a year's pain, and she entered on the payment now.

It was the payment for what she had gone without that hit Sophia hardest. In what she had given was the supreme comfort—"It was for him"; and this upheld her even when her want of him was worst, when she lay the whole night through on the floor of the wall-refuge, thoughts and pulses knocking out "I want you . . . I want you . . ." against the stones. It upheld her when, towards dawn, she paced the garden, pausing every now and then to lean her cheek against the dew-wet lilac leaves; or when she tangled her hands in the grass till the damp blades whimpered as she pulled her fingers up them. Sound was a help to her, and when she roused the grass to cries or stirred the bushes to quick whispering the voice in herself was quieter. She was never violent to anything in the garden, and when action became hurried she turned it upon herself, beating her hands against her thighs. And always "It was for him" upheld her through the darkest times of paying for what she had given.

For what she had gone without that help was lacking.

It was not passion, which, when with him, she had never felt, that plucked at her unbearably, it was the thwarted fruit of passion that haunted and reproached her. Before his letter came, dream-babies had clustered round her, wringing their little hands behind a closed transparent door, but these were visions of what might have been had circumstances been different—them she could bear. Now thought narrowed and gained in meaning: one baby surged towards her, cried to her, smiled at her, lay in air always just away from her breast—one baby that was what might have been even as things were. How would it matter what other woman he loved better if she had only given him what no other woman had? She saw herself his slayer in that she had not made life for him in the way a woman can make it for her lover, by taking it of his and creating afresh with it. Her own life would be such a small price to pay. For Sophia was a born creator, and the seeming futility of all she was undergoing, and the barrenness it bound her to, filled her with a sense of waste.

It was not until the compulsion which breadwinners know was making it clear to Sophia that her last days at Sant' Ambrogio were come, that the influences at work upon her ever since her arrival, that had first revealed themselves to her in her walk round the town, fused and concentrated.

The day had been unbearably hot, and Sophia lay behind closed *persiani*, the green of the leaves without reflecting on to the whitewashed walls so that the room seemed a pool of green dusk. Sophia read a little old Latin *Vita Sanctæ Beatæ*, which she pondered over when, in the cool of the evening, she sought the place in the wall.

"She found something," thought Sophia; "I wonder what it was? Peace, of course, but what got her to it? For outwardly her life was as bare as mine—and she had never known even what I know of—things. And yet, they say that in religion there is every experience. . . . I wonder if the babies she might have borne if she'd married some fellow-peasant ever beat at her reproachfully? And if so, what it was she found? She lived here, I suppose, walked in the garden and sat in my place in the wall—I wonder what she felt here. . . ."

All was very quiet and still on the wall, and for the first time since Richard's letter had come Sophia's aching was a little soothed, the taut fibres of her relaxed and her mind slid into receptivity. Then a more positive change began to make itself felt to her, though she could not have traced its birth or growth if she had tried.

The first note of difference was a physical one. Sophia was short-sighted and saw the world in a blur; now her sight began to take precision of outline and then the things at which she was looking changed too. The towers were more numerous, and from some of them flags fluttered out, and not till long after did Sophia remember that there had been no breeze that evening. Looking for the house over the tree-tops of the garden she saw that it had shrunk oddly, and an outer stairway crawled up its wall. On the sun-dial lay a rosary of dark beads—Sophia could see its steel cross glitter in the evening light.

These were outward changes, on their heels came the inward change that made them seem natural to her. It was as though she were in one of those dreams when the dreamer knows who he is and that he will soon wake up, and yet does and says the most incongruous things; with this difference—Sophia had a curious feeling that it was someone else's dream which had taken hold of her. She struggled against it at first as against an anæsthetic, but the thing crept over her like a tide.

A child's cry came from the town, and Sophia felt a sudden contraction at the heart, and with a thrill realised that this new Person in her felt it also—that they were at one. With that shock of mutual sensation the fusion became more nearly complete; of Sophia's own consciousness was left only enough to know that she was still herself, hearing, seeing, and feeling what someone else had heard and seen and felt before her in that place. She knew, too, that the drama played in her soul ever since she came to Sant' Ambrogio, a wordless drama in which no human being had taken part, was drawing to a climax, and that the human element had invaded it at last. She was about to learn what it was for which those weeks, especially that hour outside the wall, had prepared her

The air was very clear, and to the long sight with which Sophia was seeing, seemed preternaturally so, as though

everything were set in a vast crystal which made visible each pebble and grass-blade. A numbness stole over her body, her hands ached with cold before they, too, lost sensation, and in this numbed frame her consciousness gathered intensity. Then with a shock as sudden as a plunge into cold water, her mind slid on to what seemed another though not an alien plane. Her mind's eye saw all the old points of view, the accepted angles of vision, as though torn up and scattered like flung wreckage over the shining shore of the world that swung below her; things which had seemed big were small, all relative sizes were altered, perspective itself seemed run mad, except that after the first breath the knowledge that this was the true angle swept over her—that she, or rather, the Person whose vision she was receiving, was looking at the spiritual world from the point at which she herself had vaguely imagined gazing at the physical.

Round this spiritual globe she saw the Breath of God hang as the air hangs round the earth, and she saw it full of ebbing and flowing like a current-whorled river. She saw how no wind left emptiness where it had been, but how the elastic tissue thinned out, spread, gathered together, ran here and there so that no outflow was without its inevitable influence of contraction: the whole sphere of air was a medley of pattern, always rhythmic and interchanging. She felt how this elasticity was brought into play over the surface of the spiritual world, how actions, sins, pains of mind and body, rack this way and that as they would, were always enveloped by the divine Breath, even as on the material globe not a wave can break or a leaf stir but the river of air holds true. Always the movements of the Breath made a pattern, as invisible to the soul in the midst of it as the wind-pattern is to those on earth, a pattern inevitable in the sense that achieved beauty always strikes the eye, as being inevitable in its rightness.

Then, this measure of universal comfort given, sensation narrowed and concentrated, not on her soul, but on the soul who had felt long ago, probably far more intensely, what she was seeing by it and through it now.

As Sophia felt the anguish of the Person who had absorbed her, she realised it was the same as hers—the fear and pain of barrenness. Whether she had known all along

that it was the repeat, the echo, of a vision of Beata's that was on her, or whether she only knew it then, she could never have told. No actual child that might have been cried to the Beata consciousness, only natural longings apart from any one person, yet the anguish bit keenly, for with it went fear—the deadly fear lest barrenness should be deliberate sin against life. Powerless to help, Sophia saw the thought turn in the other's mind, and with that they both entered into the last phase of the vision. Here Sophia, who had not trained herself, like Beata, to prolonged sustaining of the will, flagged and began to fail. A brightness that was too strong for her, a sense as of great Shapes, a looming Presence, swept on to her, wrapped her round, overweighted her. She struggled to keep up with the Beata consciousness, for she knew if only she could succeed in that she would find the answer to her own sorrow and Beata's fear. The outer world had begun to come back, the towers of the town showed as through a mist, some growing more and more definite; some, those of Beata's day, wavering uncertainly. . . . She strained her flagging nerves, caught at her subsiding energies in one last effort. . . . A divine warmth suffused her breast; sky and air were filled with the gleam of a fiery Child that flashed towards her, filled her arms; and sank, not away, but into her very soul, and like quick stars she saw the wounds on His hands and feet.

With that she knew, as Beata had known, that this was the reward of virginity, that each virgin could mother the Christ child afresh. She knew that to those to whom the joy of making a living body with its corresponding soul is denied, creation is not stilled, that there need be no barrenness in a garden enclosed. For she saw that there is no sterility save that of the wilful mind.

With a shock the present reeled into its place; spiritual vision was past and physical vision lost keenness as her own blurred sight swam back to her; and, worn out, hardly conscious of her own life, but filled with peace, Sophia lay along the seat in the kindly dusk.

She was still to know month upon month of pain; sometimes acute as when she stayed out of doors all night and made sounds and hurt herself physically to distract her mind's distress; but mostly an ache that bore on her like

a weight, sometimes invading dreams and always by her bedside when she awakened. She was to find that for the friendship she could have made so exquisite he had no gift; she was to feel the many hurts his lack of thoughtfulness inflicted; she was to bear the unhappiness of seeing him unworthy of all that might have been so good in him as he let himself drift into flirtations where not one of his finer senses was touched. She was to feel one sharpest hour of any, when the time came, which, if she had given all, would have seen his child in her arms. . . .

And through everything, through the dreadful London months of loneliness and the cruder physical hardships of extreme poverty; through her weary clear-eyed knowledge of him she was to come back perpetually to the refrain—that surprised herself after a few weeks of comparative calm when she hoped she was "getting over it"—of "How I love him." She had no high-flown theories of love; she knew he was not what is tritely called "the right man," he was more—he was the one she loved well enough to forgive for not being the "right one," and in those moments there was no evading the simple fact that she would have given all the rest of her life to have been his wife for one year and have borne him a child.

But, through and above and around all that, went the memory of Beata's vision which she too had seen. The vision itself was often dark and meaningless to her in the actuality of her love and pain, but of the knowledge that she had had it she was never bereft. Also, it was hers to create those pleasant fruits and chief spices of which the greatest love-song in the world tells as growing only in a garden enclosed.

The Tramp in a Gale

By H. M. Tomlinson

WHEN we left Swansea the glass was falling. We were outside the docks soon after daybreak, and that dawn was a halcyon morning which had got lost in the procession of the year. It was too good for December. The sea ran in pale flames, the coloured coast was faint and immaterial, the still country of a dream; and our deck was so easy that the shadows thrown by the level dawn hardly stirred, though the pilot's tug alongside was leaping giddily; but that fragile sea could get no purchase on our great bulk. Beyond the Mumbles a strong north-wester and its seas met us, and the quality of the sunshine dulled to a flickering stuff which cast almost invisible shadows. Then the *Capella* began to wake.

The *Capella* may be easily recognised. She is a modern cargo steamer of five thousand tons capacity, with two sticks and a funnel; and all three projections are so fearful of seeming rakish that they overdo the effect of stern utility, and appear to lean ahead. She is a "three-island" ship, and her black funnel is relieved by a cryptic design in white. Her bows are so bluff that, as her chief officer said, "her belly begins there." I think an artist might miss her virtues; but a shipowner would see them. She carries a large cargo on a comparatively low registered tonnage. The money that built her went mostly in hull and engines; the engines do their work as sweetly as an eight-day clock, giving ten knots, weather permitting, on a low coal consumption. There was not much money left, therefore, for balm in the cabins, and that is the reason we do not find it there.

At sundown the sky cleared. The wind, increased in violence, had swept it of the last feather. The glass was still falling. My boyish cabin mate, the second officer, was on the bridge in his oilskins. "I think we are going

to catch it," he said, as I joined him. Lundy was looming high, but it looked so delicate a fabric in that flood of seas, wind, and wild yellow light pouring together from the west, that it seemed to be wavering, as if presently it must spring from its place and fly down wind stretched and ragged, like smoke. The scenic dayfall was of such pallor and clarity that one shrank from facing its inhospitable spaciousness. The bows lifted heavily and sagged on submarine upheavals, to blacken out segments of the sunset; sank again into dim hollows where the foam was luminous. The cold and wind were bitter dolours.

We rolled. I grasped the rail of the weather cloth, in the drive of wind and spume, and rode down on our charger like a valiant man; like a valiant man who is uncertain of his seat. Something like a valiant man. We advanced to the attack, masts and funnel describing great arcs, and steadily our bows shouldered away the waters. Being the less brave—for the more I watched, the more grew I wet and cold—it came to my mind that where we were another such as the *Capella* had her hatches opened by the seas not long since, and presently was but a trace of oil and cinders on the waves. The second mate asked me if I knew Forest Gate. There are, he said, some fine girls at Forest Gate. It was dusk, the weather now was on our starboard beam, and the waters came solidly inboard, filling the main deck with white tumults. We rolled still more. "I can't make out why you left London when you didn't have to," said the grinning mate. "I'd like to be on a Stratford tram, going down to Forest Gate."

I went to my cabin, and shut the heavy teak door on the uproar of those floods, and the night which seemed collapsing about our rocking structure. There was a home light far away, on a Cornish headland I suppose, and it rose and fell as a soaring but tethered star. Nor did I want to see any of the lights of home.

"I love the sea," a beautiful woman once said to me (we, then, looked over it from a height, and that sea was but the sediment of the still blue air, for it was that wistful time, early October. I also said I loved it).

This I was remembering, when the concrete floor of the cabin rose and slanted acutely, and I fell absurd-wise, striking nearly every item in the cabin. Sitting on a sea-

chest, I began to consider whether it was only the books about the sea I had hitherto loved, and not the sea itself. Perhaps it were better not to live with it always, if you would love it. I know the sea is at its best in London, near midnight, when you are within the arms of a great chair, before the right fire, selecting phases of such voyages as you will never make, if you are wise. There are no real dreams. I will never believe again that the sea is loved by anyone whose life is married to it. It is the creation of Omnipotence, which is not human and understandable, and so the springs of its behaviour are hidden. The sea does not assume its royal blue to please you. Its brute and dark desolation is not raised to overwhelm you. You disappear then because you happen to be there. It carries the foolish to fortune, and drags the calculating wise to the strewn bones. Yet, I guessed that night off Cornwall, if I pray now as one of the privileged and lucky foolish, this very occasion may prove to be one set apart for the sole use of the calculating wise; because that is the way things happen at sea. There, of course, is the whole trouble in appealing to omnipotence. Think of me entering the western ocean at night as a most inconspicuous though self-important item sitting on a sea-chest, and praying for particular favour, when perhaps it was ordained hundreds of ships that night should have anxious passages. Though the hairs of my head were all numbered, I could not expect to be spared, for I could see that to spare me would be to extend pity to all.

I turned up the dull and stinking oil lamp, and tried to read by its brown light. That failed. There were bunches of clothes hanging from hooks, and I watched their erratic behaviour instead. The water in the carafe was fascinating, standing diagonally in the bottle and then reversing. A lump of soap made a flying leap from the washstand, and then slithered about the floor as if hunted by the invisible. I listened to innumerable little voices. There was no telling their origins. There was a chorus in the cabin, rustlings, whispers, plaints, creaks, wails, and grunts; but they were foundered in the din when the spittoon, which was an empty meat-tin, got its lashings loose, and began a rioting fandango on the concrete. Over the clothes chest, which was also our table and a cabin fixture,

was the portrait of the mate's sweetheart, and on its frame was one of our busy little bedfellows, a cockroach. The cockroach stood in thought, waving its hands interrogatively as one who talks to himself nervously. The ship at that moment received a seventh wave, lurched, and shook. The cockroach fell. I rose listening. I felt sure a new clamour would begin at once, announcing crisis. But no; the brave heart of her was beating as before. I could feel its steady pulse throbbing in our table.

It was when I was wondering whether bed would be the best answer to doubt that I heard a boatswain's pipe. I fought one side of the door, and the north-wester the other. Without warning the wind released its hold, the ship fell to windward, and I went out suddenly, clutching at the empty dark. Up sailed my side of the steamer and the door shut with a sound like gunfire. The violence was insensate; these were the unlawful noises and movements of chaos. Hanging to a rail, and wondering which was the fore and which the other end of the ship, a figure (I think it was the first mate) hurried past me, bawling "All hands." The figure came back. "That you, purser? Number three hatch has gone," it said, and melted where it stood, as a ghost.

So. Then this very thing had come to me, and at night. Our hatches were adrift. Why, we had only just left Swansea. It was impossible. This was my first long sea voyage, too, and I was just beginning it. I stood like a cricketer who is out for a duck. I thought—but if I could tell you what I was thinking I would. Somebody was shouting somewhere, but his words were cut off by the wind and blown away. I felt my way along the alleyway. The alleyway was dizzily unstable, pressing hard against my feet, then falling from under me. I got round by the engine-room entrance. Small gleams, shavings and suffusions of light, were escaping from seams in the ship; but they showed nothing, except a length of wet rail or a detached fragment of deck. The ship itself was a shadow, manned by voices. I could not see that anything was being done, and became aware that my surcharged feelings were escaping by my knees, which kept knocking, in their tremors, against a lower rail. Yet it is plain there was nothing to fear. It was all right. We had only just left

Swansea, of course. Besides, I had already commenced a letter which was to be posted at our first South American port; they were waiting for that letter at home. Somewhere beneath me a heavy mass of water plunged monstrously, and exploded in a cloud of pale light over all the main deck aft; it revealed instantly the rectangular form of that deck in the night. This was unreasonable. I was not really one of the crew either, though on the articles. I was there by chance. No advantage should be taken of that. A torrent caught me by the legs, and nearly got me down.

One could not watch what was happening, either. That was another cruel injustice. The wind and sea could be heard, and the ship could be felt. But there ought to be a light. This should have happened in the daytime. I leaned over the rail, shading my eyes. I grew savagely indignant with something which had no name and no shape. I cannot now name what it was that angered me, but can only think of a vast calm face, with eyes that stare but see nothing, and a mouth which never speaks, and ears from which assailing cries and questions fall as echoes, ironic repetitions. Still, when the chief engineer, with a hurricane lamp, found me, he says I was smiling. The youthful second mate ran up and stood by us, shouting to the deck below. He shouted, bending over the rail, till he was screaming through hoarseness. "They don't understand a word I say," he cried in despair; "there isn't an Englishman in the crowd, the—German farmers."

More accustomed to the gloom, I could make out the men busy on the dismantled hatchway. Her head had been put to the seas, to keep the waves from breaking inboard. But once a greater wave sprang bodily over the men below and they vanished; and when the hatch showed through the foam again some of the men had gone, as though dissolved. But it was found they had kept the right side of the bulwarks, and the elderly carpenter, whose legs were mixed with a winch, was the only one damaged. Then number two hatch was discovered to be in a similar plight; and the weary, soaked, and frozen crowd which had secured number three hold in an hour's desperate work, had to hurry forward to save us there.

When, watertight once more, some of us gathered in

the chief's cabin, where we sat comfortably crowded, I never knew tobacco could taste like that. I felt that this was the larger leisure necessary for extracting the full flavour of a pipe. From being confined suddenly within a space which gave me but a short outlook of a few hours, I was presently released into the open again, and of what might remain to me of the usual gift of ample years. If good and serious souls think me graceless, with this talk of tobacco, let me tell them my sacrificial smoke rose up straight and accepted. Looking through that smoke I saw with a new knowledge how worthy, kind, and lovable were the faces of my comrades. I had been initiated. This was the place for me, with men like these about me, and such great affairs to be met. We filled up, and the chief, remembering something, turned where he sat to a picture hanging over his desk of a smiling and handsome matron. "Here's luck, old girl," he said, holding up his glass; "you can still send me some letters."

The chief slept in his clothes on his settee that night, in case of a call, and I climbed into his bunk. He had a comfortable outline, the chief. He had a disarray of tense hair over a square copper-coloured brow, a forehead on which was written in plain lines a long experience of such nights. Chaos was without, and he snored calmly and luxuriously. The nose sprang out of his big face like an ejaculation, and beneath it was a moustache clipped short, showing the red of the upper lip. The jaw was powerful, but with friendly curves. His body and limbs hid the settee, and had a margin over. There was confidence to be got from merely looking at that slumbering Jovian form. The shouts of the enemy without assailed its hairy and fleshy ears in vain. I braced my knees against the bulkhead to keep myself still, the rolling was so violent, and went to sleep . . . waking to find us on a level keel. I was deceived into thinking the straight lines of gold and grey, as a picture framed by the port, were features of the heights about a harbour into which we had run for shelter; but what I saw was only cloudland over the western ocean. That stillness, too, was but a short reprieve.

The sun died at birth. The wind we had lost we found again as a gale from the south-west. The waters bulked quickly, and by noon the saloon was light and giddy with

the racing of the propeller. In the early afternoon the waves had lifted to serious proportions. They soared by us in broad sombre ranges, with white peaks, an inhospitable and subduing sight. They were waves quite different from the volatile and malicious natives of the Bristol Channel. Those Channel waves had no ranks in the attack, but were a horde of undisciplined savages, appearing to assault without design or plan, getting at us how they could; they seemed to detach themselves from the sea, and to leap at us, shouting.

These ocean billows had a different bearing. They were the sea. We did not have a multitude of waves in sight, but the sea floor itself might have been undulating; the ocean was profoundly convulsed. Our outlook was confined to a few heights and hollows, and the moving heights were swift, but unhurried and stately. Alarm, as a greater height towered ahead and bore down had no time to get beyond the stage of wonder and surprise when the *Capella's* bows were pointing up a long slope of water, the broken summit of which was too quick for the steamer—her bows disappeared in an ascending cloud, a volley of spray, as hard as shot, raked us; the foredeck filled with cataracts, and the billow swept along our run, dark, severe, and immense; with so little noise, too; with but a subdued hissing of foam, as in a deliberate silence.

Our speed was reduced to half, and the engineer on duty kept at the throttle. The slippery deck was bleak, wind-swept, and deserted. The vessel's structure, filmed with water, a mirror constantly repolished, reflected and flashed the wild lights in the sky, as she rolled and pitched, and somehow that wavering shine on her body made the steamer look more desolate and forlorn. Not a man showed anywhere, except to hurry from one vantage to another—darting out of the ship's interior, and scurrying to another hole and vanishing abruptly like a rabbit.

The gale was dumb till met and was torn in our harsh opposition, shouting and moaning then in anger and torment as we steadily pressed our iron into its ponderable body. You could imagine the flawless flood of air pouring silently express till it met our pillars and pinnacles, and then flying past ript, the thousand punctures instantly spreading into long shrieking lacerations. The

wounds and mouths were so many, loud, and poignant, that it was a wonder they were invisible. Our structure was full of cries. The hard jets of air spurted hissing through the winches. The sound in the shrouds and guys began like that of something tearing, and rose to a high keening. The deeper notes were amidships, in the alleyways and round the engine-room casing; but there the ship itself contributed a note, a metallic murmur so profound that it was felt as a tremor rather than heard; it was almost below human hearing; it was the hollow of the ship resonant, the steel walls and partitions shuddering under the drumming of the seas, and the regular throws of the crank-shaft far below.

This day the *Capella* ceased to be a marine engine to me. She was not that *Capella* of the Swansea docks, a broad, black waggon squatting low on the water, so bluff and wide, indeed, that she seemed a lifeless wharf fixture there. To-day, in the Atlantic, her massive bows rose to meet each incoming wave with an admirable buoyancy and life, lifting slowly and with dignity to meet their quick wiles, it is true, but often with such success that we found ourselves poised at a height above the gloom of the sea valleys, on a hill-top, getting more light, and seeing more world. She behaved so like a brave patient thing that now her portrait, which I treasure, is to me that of one who has befriended me, a staunch and homely body who never tired in faithful well-doing.

She was such a diminished body, too, in that world. A wave passing amidships was a mount of polished obsidian, having minor hollows and ridges on its slopes, like conchoidal fractures in its glass. It rose directly and acutely from our foothold to a summit that was awesome because the eye travelled to it over a long up-slope; this hill had intervened to obscure with suddenness thirty degrees of light; and the mind shrank from contemplating water which overshadowed a narrow standing-place with such high bulk toppling in collapse. The steamer, falling over to that side, brought my eyes close to the beginning of this mobile down, where it swirled by in a vitreous flux, tortured lines of green foam buried far but plain in its translucent deeps. Her task against the head seas and the squalls was so hard and unrelenting that

the murmur of her heart, which seemed to grow louder to a moaning when her body was buried to the rails, the panic of her cries when the screw raced, when she lost her hold, her noble and rhythmic efforts, the sense of her concentrated and unremitting power given by the smoke driving in violence from her oscillating funnel, the cordage quivering in taut curves, the seas bursting in her face as clouds, falling roaring inboard then to smother half her length, she presently to raise her heavy body out of an acre of foam, the cascades streaming from her in veils—all this was like great music. I learned why a ship has a name. It is for the same reason that you and I have names. She has happenings according to her own world. She shows perversities and virtues her parents never dreamed into the plans they laid for her; her heredity cannot be explained by the general chemics of iron and steel, but something counts in her of both the happy men and the sullen men whose bright and dark energies poured into her rivets and plates as they hammered, and now suffuse her body. She was revealed to me, "our" ship. She was one for pride and trust. She was slow, but that slowness was of her dignity and size; she had much valour in her. She was not a light yacht. She was strong and hard, taking heavy punishment, and then lifting her broad face over the seas to look for the next enemy. But was she slow? She seemed but slow. The eyes judged by the assailing hills, vast and swift; those hills which were so quick, and dark, and great, moving barely inferior to the clouds which travelled with them. There was the uplifted ocean, and pressing down to it, sundered from it only by the gale—the gale forced them apart—the lowered heaven, a ceiling just above our heads which would have been night but that its darkness was thinned in patches by some solvent day.

Late that afternoon the second mate, who was on watch, saw a wave moving down on us unusually high and dominant, and instinctively he put his hand in his pocket for his whistle. The skipper, looking up through the chart-room window, saw the gloom of this wave ahead, and jumped for the bridge ladder to get at the telegraph to stop the engines. He was too late. We went under. The wave checked us with the shock of a grounding, came solid over our forelength, and broke on our structure amidships.

When the *Capella* showed herself again, ventilators had gone, deck fittings and boats were smashed, and iron had been twisted like tinfoil.

At dusk, the seas, which in the daylight we could watch as dangers that came and passed, disappeared; the sight was stopped on dreadful apparitions. There were waves no more. We saw only vertical shadows, close at hand, swaying noiselessly high over us, without progressing, on the fading sky. Looking aft from the chief's cabin I could see of the *Capella* only the top of our mainmast, because that projected out of the hollow in which we helplessly rocked into the last of the light overhead; and often those sheer apparitions swaying around us swung above the truck of it, and the maintop disappeared. The sense of onward movement ceased, because nothing could be seen passing us. There was no outlet for us. The erect shadows did not move away, but stood about us, their ridges pitching at changing angles.

I was reminded of the Sussex downs at evening, just at that time when, from the foot of them, they lose all detail but what is on the skyline, and become an abrupt plane of unequal height. That was our view from the *Capella*, except that the skyline moved. And when we passed a barque that dayfall it looked as does a solitary tree far on the summit of the downs. The barque did not pass us. We saw it fade, and the hill it surmounted fade, as shadows do when all light has gone. But where we saw it last a green star was adrift, and ranged up and down in the night.

The Forge

By Norman Douglas

I

THE sun was rising.

Despite his sixty odd years, old Alf, as they called him, was already afoot; he stood at his doorway, sniffing the air and examining the weather-signs. A cloudless summer morning. It had been fine for weeks: it would be fine, apparently, for ever. The days were slipping by, one like another, without incident.

"Holding out well," he concluded. There was no fear of a drought in the district, for countless rivulets descended from the woodland heights to refresh the fields and orchards at their foot. One of them ran not far distant through a marshy tract of Alf's ground; a fraction of its waters had been diverted into a pond where ducks were playing about. His eye rested awhile on their movements, and then fell upon a man who was passing along the road.

"Hullo, Henry!" he called out. "What on earth are you doing down here at this hour of the morning?"

"Walking," the other replied, as though that explained everything. "Are you coming up to-day?"

"Maybe—maybe; in the afternoon. Brothers all right?"

Henry was one of three orphan brothers who lived up yonder, on a green, cultivated patch among the beeches, at the Forge.

"Same as usual," he said. "We'll expect you later on, then. Nice lot of ducks, old man." And he slouched away.

What was he up to?

Some mischief, no doubt. The farmer could not conceive Henry otherwise than up to mischief—he had been the same from boyhood. But these escapades had grown with his growth, and Henry's name had latterly become a byword among respectable folks. A great borrower of

money, too; probably a thief; but an engaging rascal, for all that. Fortunately, he was seldom in the country. He used to arrive, like a comet, from San Francisco or God knows where, and, after recruiting his health at his brothers' expense and getting rid of a "sort of homesick feeling," which, he declared, haunted him even in the gayest capitals, vanish as suddenly as he had come.

Perhaps his elder brother's behaviour had something to do with these departures. For after the preliminary outbursts of fraternal love had calmed down, they used to quarrel like fiends, and Henry, who prided himself on being a man of the world, was apt to experience some difficulty in restraining his naturally violent temper. Mathew, the senior, had an offensively straightforward fashion of alluding to financial and other delicate matters, especially when he was drunk.

The farmer often found his way up to the Forge, either on foot or on his old grey pony. It was a long walk, and all up hill. He had a sentimental attachment to the place and an interest in the three "boys," as he still called them, since their mother had come from his village and been his playmate in olden days. He never understood why the pretty Joan, who could have had her pick of all the youths of the place, had married that wild man of the Forge, their father. Women do strange things sometimes. Well, they were both dead now, the parents.

Yes, he would walk up that afternoon.

They still called it "the Forge," for such had been its purpose in former times. But now everything was changed. The penurious peasants had at last built a good road that skirted the foot of the hills and defied with stout bridges the floods in springtime, and the old winding path which climbed upwards into the forest between each settlement, and then descended again, was now frequented only by summer lovers wandering hand in hand under its tangled network of interlacing boughs, or, in winter, by woodcutters who brought down ponderous beechen logs on their sledges amid the cracking of whips and cheery tinkling of bells. No carts ever passed that way now; it was grown into a narrow green track, invaded by tall weeds, forgotten. And the occupation of the Forge was quite gone—its very name was becoming unfamiliar to the rising generation.

THE FORGE

It was an old-fashioned cottage near one of the many streams that carved themselves a channel down the steep woodlands; a bright garden and a few fields stood around it. And within, everything had remained unchanged for years—its smoky wooden wainscoting and air of mellow prosperity were always the same.

A veritable abode of peace it seemed: so calm and green—so remote from worldly strife. And there was a horseshoe nailed over the porch; Alf noticed it each time he entered the door, and wondered how much longer the fortunes of the house would stand. For they were nearly always on bad terms, the two elder brothers. He was inclined to blame Henry, since the other, whatever his failings, was at least straightforward and honest. Without Mathew's frugal administration, their patrimony would long ago have crumbled to pieces.

Mathew was a close-fisted, bearded fellow of the conscientious-melancholy type, with frequent relapses into boisterous savagery, during which he drank fiercely. He drank not from any love of good comradeship, but from a kind of solitary, ancestral necessity; his father, his grandfather—they had all been drunkards, in a respectable, rustic fashion. Likely enough this primitive trait was what exasperated Henry, who was a convivial and altogether modern creature: frail of body, with burning eyes; easy-going in money matters and temperate in food and drink.

None of the three brothers felt the poetic charm of the Forge like Henry. He could watch for hours the light-effects upon the vast plain below and listen to elfish forest-notes all around. It was a rare change after his feverishly-varied experiences of ocean and town-life: he seemed to come back to his mother's arms and to be an impressionable child once more.

For the Forge was wonderful at all hours and at all seasons; wonderful from its sylvan witchery and aerial aloofness from the works of man; never so full of wonder as on those early summer mornings when the hush of dawn, the hush of things to be, still lingered among the dew-drenched beeches, and the plain yonder, swathed in mists, called up suggestions of a boundless mere, soft-surging in amethystine slumber. Then, from behind the hills, a swift ray of gold would issue, unweaving the mock billows

that rolled upwards distractedly, to cling among wet clefts; while all tender things of night trooped away to seek refuge under leaves and stones from the eye, the pitiless eye of flame, that peered down through the green canopy overhead.

This is what Henry would call the "morning mood"; a mood he seldom saw, being a man of fashion and accustomed—save on certain urgent occasions—to rise late.

To Henry the sun was a spectacle—a mere spectacle.

Mathew held it to be a divinely-appointed contrivance for ripening the crops.

And Baby never seemed to see the sun.

Baby was the youngest of the three.

In the exuberance of her joy at the birth of a third infant after so many years, his mother had given him some strange-sounding name, Theodosius or what not, which none of the country-folk could pronounce or remember. So the old one clung to him; and it suited him well enough, with his cherub-face and ever-ready smile.

Their affection for this boy was the only common bond between the two elder brothers.

But, nowadays, the sun never shone for Baby.

Something was wrong with him. The schoolmaster had sent word to say that he was useless at his books. He was changing in appearance, too; his eyebrows waxed thick, and into the blue eyes there came a strange light. He still smiled, but it was no longer the smile of lively, ingenuous boyhood; of a doll, rather, or some unfeeling idol. He would have looked well enough, no doubt, standing bare-armed at the forge, like some young Cyclops, smiting the iron amid a shower of incandescent sparks, for his strength was terrific; but those days were over. The old anvil sat all awry in a jungle of docks and darnels on its mouldy stump, and the few implements that had not been sold were rusting, forgotten, in the shed. Baby, meanwhile, roamed about aimlessly, and spoke little. And he had developed singular, bloodthirsty tastes which Henry, who had been absent for nearly three years, viewed with considerable disfavour.

"I tell you I don't like it at all," he said to Mathew. "Did you see how he tortured that fowl yesterday?

Seemed to enjoy doing it. He's going all wrong, that youngster. I know a thing or two—one doesn't knock about the world for nothing. He's what you call a——"

"We're none of us perfect."

"You're a great man for commonplaces, brother Mathew."

"And you're a damned fool."

It stands to reason that Henry—sailor, mechanic, waiter, school-teacher, and professor of various other polite accomplishments—should know something of the world. But the elder had noticed the change long ago, though he feigned ignorance. He would not allow others to find fault with his charge, regarding Baby's education as his exclusive domain.

Nevertheless, even Alf had observed the same thing. The candid and affectionate child that used to clamber about his knees and fetch him flowers and play merrily among the ducks by the waterside whenever his mother brought him down to the village, had become tainted with a curious dullness. And he used to be so like Joan, formerly, in looks and manner—so pretty, so trim and tidy in his little ways. "He'll keep the house in order," she had once said, "when I'm gone. You should see how neatly he folds up his clothes every night, all by himself. He's my favourite, I can tell you."

No wonder; because Mathew at this time was already grown into a cantankerous youth, dutiful enough and hard-working, but obstinate as a mule, while the other was at sea somewhere—a hopeless vagabond.

It was lucky, Alf thought, that Joan never lived to see this sinister blossoming. Whence had it come?

For there was no doubt about it; the fair boy was growing monstrous; some alien drop had crept into his blood, churning it all contrariwise. Alf was old: he remembered three generations at the Forge: each worse than the last. "Like the rill," he argued, in his peasant-sagacity. "Clear atop—ends in a bog."

And his eye wandered from the contented ducks in their pond to where, all wreathed in the ascending mists of morning, the Forge stood.

Yes; he would certainly walk up that afternoon.

II

"You clear out!" Mathew was saying. "I'll have no dirty thief about here."

Drunk, as usual.

It was his pet theme on such occasions—he always preached, in liquor—and when he attached himself to an idea there was no shaking it out of him. Henry, who was gifted with the rogue's blameless conscience and a good-natured view of life, was growing tired of this eternal moralising. It got on his nerves. And now, when he felt more than usually cheerful and well-disposed after his mid-day meal, here was this gloomy grumbler harping on his old string. He tried to turn the conversation.

"I saw Alf this morning. He's coming up later on."

"A fine thing, that brain of yours," the other continued, grimly, "but what's the use of it, if it can't help you to live? Always prowling about after other men's money or their wives. You clear out! And you're spoiling Baby, too. He's all changed, damn you."

"There you're wrong, for once. I like the youngster too well. Who built his forge, I should like to know? You're jealous."

It was quite true. Ever since Henry, in an idle moment, had erected beside the stream a miniature water-wheel that worked in connection with a ceaselessly-palpitating wooden hammer, the boy's awed respect for this vagrant brother had melted into warm love and admiration. Mathew, he felt, could never have built such a wonder.

It was a grand plaything which, for some obscure reason, he called his "Forge." So the name of the old Forge, that once useful establishment, was still surviving in ominous degeneration—futile movement, with some little noise.

"Anyhow," Mathew pursued, "you clear out! I can't stand a dirty thief. Get back to Saint Louis."

"That's no place for an honest man."

But Mathew never understood his brother's jokes.

The other, meanwhile, was thinking. There was some sense in the suggestion—the very same idea had been in his own mind lately. He was once more growing tired of the Forge; not tired exactly, for he loved green trees and

fields better than the smoke of cities, and a life of contemplation had ever been his ideal; but the place had its drawbacks. Mathew alone was enough to drive anyone mad with his moodiness. And he looked round the room: it was cheerful enough with all its old ornaments, unchanged for years, shining brightly and testifying to Baby's conscientious care, but—always the same thing. Henry yearned, in the intervals between his bucolic moments, for some of his old pleasures; he was rather too young to bury himself in this fashion. But, alas! he was a pauper, and they disliked paupers over there. Here was a chance.

"Buy me out," he said. "Then I'll go for good."

The proposal had an unexpected effect upon Mathew. His glum countenance expanded into a smile, and presently the man was convulsed with merriment—he laughed long and loud, rocking himself to and fro. It was so heartfelt, so infectious, that Henry caught himself smiling against his will.

"Buy me out," he urged again. "I'm speaking fair."

"Buy you out?" Mathew roared at last. "No! but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll—I'll—ha! ha! ha!"

He seemed unable to find words. One of his saturnine laughing fits, Henry concluded.

"Well?" he began.

"Buy you out? No. But I'll—I'll kick you out: there!"

"You'll *what*?" Henry had kept his "beastly temper" well under control so far. He knew his beastly temper; it had brought him into trouble more than once. The other, still chuckling hugely, condescended to explain:

"Break your head: see? Can't stand a dirty thief——"

The refrain seemed to please him.

"Dirty thief," the other growled. He was sick of that phrase. "And you? Just a drunken swine."

A hairy arm came at him and smote him a stunning blow on the forehead, between the eyes. That was Mathew's brotherly answer.

Drunker than usual, in truth; for never till now had he raised his hand against Henry. There was a silence, while the younger, dazed with pain and rage, felt a beast within

him, struggling to break its fetters. Then Mathew quietly remarked:

"I've had about enough of you"—as if this simple statement were intended to close the incident. He rose unsteadily, and moved towards the door.

But the words had roused the other out of a trance: the beast had emerged. Distrustful of his own muscles, he looked around for some means of retaliation. And a shining chisel, hitherto unrevealed, limned itself out before his eyes. It lay upon the table, at arm's length, bright and comely; a very handy thing. Henry's fingers closed upon it automatically.

"Not quite, old man," he replied, as, raising himself forwards, he dealt his brother a mad, downward blow that embedded the blade below the skull—there where head joins neck. Under that impact the firm flesh yielded like water. Mathew collapsed as though his bones had gone from within him; he dropped on his knees, then, slightly swaying, rolled sideways. And there he lay, all huddled up, like the fool he was; with a chisel in his head.

Dead, without a doubt. How easy, how absurdly easy, it had been.

Henry drew nearer and looked at him. There was nothing perturbing in the sight; he had seen dozens of them and they were all alike, more or less, in their stupid way. "You never know what a fool a man can look," a philosophical transatlantic friend had once observed—"never! Not till you see him dead." How true! He remembered the occasion of that remark—the place, the hour; he remembered——

But, by God, this was not your ordinary kind of fool. It was Mathew. The veil was lifting, and Henry's nimble mind began to work under the control of will once more. Those last two minutes were disentangling themselves: out of shapeless sensations they crystallised with scientific precision, like the ice-flowers on a December window-pane, into the hideous fabric of his crime. He had killed his brother. It was a plain affair, though, for aught he could discover as his own responsibility in the transaction, the whole thing might have been an idle dream. How had it come about?

"Get my head clear," he muttered, as he walked to the casement and looked out upon the landscape.

Light: light everywhere—a flood of meridian glory that poured into the world's innermost recesses. Mankind was astir among the fields below, and the choral chant of ordered life, of things that are, floated upwards from the teeming plain whose variegated crops, sharply defined as the countries on a map, trended away towards a dusky line on the horizon, a belt of forest, dimly discernible, where flowed the great river. The land was outspread in a crazy patchwork of green—greens in squares and diamond-patterns—greens lusty and frail; the pride of ephemeral man, shimmering all velvety under the passionless sun.

The old, old prospect, noonday type of illumination; pleasant enough, but somewhat trite. He had been desiring a change, he recollected—well, he was like to get it now. A fine day, none the less. And a fine day tomorrow. . . .

Suddenly the instinct of self-preservation, heritage of all sane creatures, rushed in upon him, devouring every other feeling.

"I'm the fool, and no mistake! Now for a plan. Think—think!"

He sat down by the table, and thought.

Projects flew through his head, clustering wildly for approval; all the old tricks he had heard or read of; flight, burnings of bodies, buryings, hidings—one more preposterous than another. A complicated business, after all. Baby: that was the trouble. If Baby were to appear at that moment, it would ruin everything; there was no thinking with that boy in the room. And how explain things to him?

He meditated furiously.

A scheme must be elaborated at once and definitely adopted. It was there, the revelation, if he could but seize it; he felt it hovering near at hand, a will-o'-the-wisp, eluding capture. "There's a way out of every mess," another sensible friend of his had once declared, "and a a good way, mark you—if they'll give you time to think it out."

Time! there you have it.

And Baby might be standing at the door even now.

"This won't do!" He bored his fists into his temples and his pulses ached with the fiery work of concentration.

Was it gone for ever, that wavering inspiration?

A fine thing, that brain of yours, but if it can't help you to live. . . . Why must the phrase occur to him just then?

And all the while his eyes remained fixed upon the handle of the door, lest it should turn.

What if it turned?

But now he drew a deep breath of contentment, for an immense effort had lured the apparition nearer. It approached shyly, reluctantly—arrayed in all the grace of an angelic vision, herald of salvation. For the merest twinkling it stood erect and eyed him serenely, perfect in loveliness. Yet when he sought to fix the shape upon his mind, those outlines, erewhile convincing, disdained to reclothe themselves in due habiliments. They were hesitating, elusive.

The main thing, however, was clear.

"Baby," he reflected. "Yes; that's it."

Baby must be implicated; Baby must be transformed into a murderer. That was the glimpse, the celestial revelation.

But how?

Stare as he might, those luminous contours never coalesced again. On the contrary, they were forever melting into new combinations; flowing hither and thither like coloured rills before his eyes, meeting and dispersing in restless bewilderment. He began to feel rather dizzy. Objects flitted aimlessly, reeled and shifted and swam about. Everything moved; there were noises, too. Then the whole room began to sway—it was decidedly sickening.

Faint and gasping, he clutched the edge of the table.

The door-handle was turning, like all the rest.

III

Baby entered, inanely seraphic.

He had been gardening. One arm was laden with freshly-gathered lettuces, while the other wiped the glittering drops of perspiration off his smooth and convex forehead. Perennially moist, this poor tumid brow; summer

and winter, Baby was too hot, as if, by some flaw in construction, a furnace too ardent had been set within his body. No one guessed what he suffered at night under his blanket. Had he known the bliss of sleeping unclothed on the cool woodland earth, like any other wild creature, with the wind playing about his matted curls and chilly dew gathering in the hollow places of his back and shoulders, no power on earth could now have kept him indoors after dark. But his mother had tamed him young; those were joys unknown, undreamed of.

All engrossed with one idea, he made a methodical heap of the lettuces on the table. Only then did he turn round and espy his brother near the window and the prostrate form of Mathew lying on the floor. Mathew looked unhappy.

A cloud fell on his face.

"Oh. Hurt himself!" he cried, perceiving the weapon. Baby was acquainted with the chisel's idiosyncrasy; the chisel could cut: the chisel could cut badly.

The other took no heed whatever. He was thinking—thinking. He had regained his composure, and was trying to piece together certain tantalising contours, when Baby's voice briskly broke in upon his meditations:

"Out with it! Here you are. Oh. Blood . . ."

It was exasperating to be interrupted like this.

There was a pause, and Henry began his labour once more. It was scared, the vision, but the man wooed it fiercely. Now——

"More blood . . . always blood."

Henry pricked up his ears, for the words were followed by low and bestial purring sounds that caused his hair to stand on end. They proceeded from Baby's throat. The sight of that oozing mass had struck a horrid chord in the boy's nature, and all his frame hummed in unison. There was something in the noise that paralysed Henry's initiative: hope sank within him. Turning round, he saw Baby on his knees, bent over the corpse; fascinated, a-tremble.

"Look at him!" he said, addressing some imaginary intellectual sympathiser. "Look at him! How the hell is a man to think seriously with that unholy, snarling beast in the room?"

And though Baby's gestures and chatterings, as he

continued to gaze upon that scarlet spot, grew more unpropitious every minute, yet Henry failed to read the import of the change; he was merely annoyed at the sight of a human being gloating over a pool of blood. For Henry was temperamentally nice: his sense of propriety was easily outraged, and this behaviour was unquestionably not correct. What was the boy doing?

Baby was staring himself into ghoulish madness.

Infernally awkward, anyhow.

Devising plans under such conditions was impossible for a man of Henry's sensitive nerves. The strain became unendurable—would he never stop? It was indecent, this jackal-business.

"Get up, you young beast!" he said, giving Baby a vicious kick.

The other rose from the ground. But he was ignited—in man-eating mood, and he took his brother gently by the wrists. Then the snarling began again. At that sound, Henry's blood froze in his veins, and all his joints were numbed.

"No, Baby," he muttered, lamely.

The pale terror fled as swiftly as it had come, and he realised the situation. This idiot meant mischief; he must fight for it.

With a wild jerk he freed his right arm, preparatory to dealing a desperate blow. But Baby was left-handed, and that hand, guided by some unerring primordial impulse of destruction, forthwith sped to his brother's throat. It alighted like a caress, in flowery softness; and there grew fast.

The man's blows rained on air; some thirsty vampire, it seemed, was clinging to him with demoniac lust and flapping black wings of damnation in his face. Through a confused mist he beheld the lad's smooth features creased into a mask—the very nightmare of a face; all the while, too, there played a joyful melody upon his ears, like the ripple of many waters. Slowly a sombre curtain closed about him. The pæan grew hushed, and he felt himself lifted from earth and borne aloft in the clutches of a fiend.

They had fallen together.

Baby was uppermost, and as he watched how life, the mystery, tripped away under the touch of his fingers, a

thrilling sensation, a blissful dream dimly remembered, crept over him. It grew to ecstasy, as though normal passions hitherto sealed up and folded in the wintry texture of his mind were at last, under some exotic stimulus, bursting into flower. All the loves and aspirations denied to his degraded adolescence converged in that awakening, and he would fain have dwelt for ever in its glorious sunshine.

But soon the frenzy melted to a faint languor and dissolved away. Baby's tormented lines relaxed into their wonted bland imbecility; he became himself again and smilingly disposed towards the universe; almost lovable. Still he lingered on the scene.

They were both hurt now; hurt and unhappy-looking, and dreadfully untidy. He wondered what it meant. Then, gradually, the sight of those two brothers, who never spoke and never stirred, began to disquiet him. He sprang out of doors, and straightway forgot them. For an irresistible magnet drew him along the garden-path where lilies stood in haughty tufts and sunflowers beamed benignly; it drew him across a dank meadow, and through the fence to the water-side. He sat down on the old, accustomed log.

There it stood, the miracle, the joy.

Shrunk to a summer ribbon of silver, the docile stream was teased through a mazy dance of pipes and passages towards an artificial cataract whereunder, attached to a water-wheel, a hammer was beating a restlessly-cheerful measure amid the splashing of angry little waves. That hammer! There was nothing like it on earth. Other delights swarmed about the building; other wheels, and a palisade by the shore, and pointed stakes to impale storm-tossed leaves and grasses, and a microscopic window through which you could look down upon the deluded current gliding to its fall—but this was the chiefest of them. It was a never-ending marvel: the beating heart of the Forge. Ceaselessly, night and day, that pleasurable din resounded; come when he might, at sunrise, noon or evening, the wheel never tired of its playful somersaults, nor the sprightly water of licking those smooth round sides.

But of the original structure hardly a trace was now visible; the boy's successive embellishments had trans-

formed it into a symbol of his own mind—an agglomeration of scraps of wood and iron, encrusted with nails, and submerged under a wilderness of wheels that fulfilled the inscrutable purposes of his architectural phantasy. There were ornaments everywhere, but never, never enough. The problem where to affix them was one on which his brothers were always consulted, and nothing pleased him better than when Mathew sagaciously shook his head and bent down to correct some error, while Henry approved in lazy and jocular fashion; or when Alf would slap his back and say:

"That's right, boy! Now for another wheel."

For Alf was his friend from earliest childhood, and took a keen interest in the masterpiece; he noted everything.

Baby looked up, and there, sure enough, was the kindly, grizzled face of the old farmer peering upon him over the palings.

"Hallo, Baby!" he said. "Let's have a look at the machine."

He entered and examined the works critically.

"Who moved that post?" he inquired, pointing to some innovation.

"Mathew," said Baby.

"Where's Mathew?"

"Inside. Hurt himself."

"Hurt himself? What d'you mean, boy?"

But that was the extent of Baby's information.

Alarmed by these words, the farmer walked to the house-door and entered. The level beams of the sun poured into the chamber and fell upon certain glistening patches on the floor. And he saw the tragedy.

The two brothers lay side by side; so Baby had willed, like a tidy boy. Things lying about should always be tidied. But their eyes were staring and their mouths agape, for a contingency so remote had not been anticipated in his mother's scheme of education.

Alf stood aghast. Then, by an effort of will, he broke the spell of horror, and, tottering from that tainted room, sat down on the bench beside the porch. The sight of that transfiguration had made him sick at stomach.

A long while passed, and still he could not collect his thoughts. Despite the fearful picture engraved upon his vision, he failed to acquiesce in the full truth. "Hurt

himself. . . ." A lie, of course. There was a practical side to the matter, then. It dawned upon him in furious intensity. He must act without delay.

Baby was watching from afar. Then he approached and again halted, for he could read trouble and displeasure in his friend's face. He came a few steps nearer, like some diffident animal, and waited once more. The farmer raised his head and looked into his eyes.

He remembered Joan, and olden days.

"Oh, Baby!" he said. "They'll hang you for this."

After these words he was stricken dumb. Another wave of feeling was passing over him, a wave of shuddering hatred, the loathing of the pure for what is impure. All the traditions of his race, all the uprightness of ages of decent, law-abiding culture, surged up within him against this pestilence, this savage, this ravisher of a fair human life. He would tell the news in the village; men must bring down the bodies and arrest the brute. He rose from his seat and strode down the pathway.

The other could not believe his eyes. He stood leaning against the sunny paling, one hand outstretched to bid farewell, petrified with amazement. The farmer walked away without so much as looking round. Never before had his friend behaved after this manner. Something was wrong, very wrong, with the world. And now he was gone, actually gone. . . .

But the old man had not proceeded far under the trees ere other counsels prevailed. His simple heart, all puzzled and distraught, yet found the right formula. "After all," he thought, "he's only a half-witted child. They'll never hang him. And he'll follow me like a dog."

He returned anon and said, authoritatively:

"You come back with me. Now."

Baby seemed to ponder the meaning of these words. Then his glance strayed in the direction of the stream and rested on a well-known spot.

He shook his head. How could he leave the Forge?

But Alf divined his thoughts. He entered the shed, and presently came forth again, bearing a large sack.

"Look here," he said. "We'll pack your machine into this, every bit of it, and you shall carry it down and set it up in my water. . . ."

The other listened and understood. His Forge was to be taken away—a world of unhappiness! Cowed by the man's firm demeanour, he said nothing, but his eyes glittered dangerously, and he refused to stir from his place.

"Where the ducks are, you know."

Even that did not move him. Sullen and defiant, he looked on as the wheels and ever-industrious hammer, the pipes and boards, all of them, one by one, were torn down from their old places and stowed away, in darkness and confusion, within the sack. All too soon, nothing remained to show where the miracle had stood; nothing save four mighty piles, firm-planted by the shore, among the stones.

The little brook, leaping to its forgotten channel in a passionate eddy of joy, bore off the muddy stains of human interference and sped away, gleaming.

"Come along, Baby; and carry the sack. It's getting late."

And they turned their backs upon the old Forge and crossed the familiar bridge, the first of many on that winding woodland path.

Neither spoke a word.

The hush of evening, of things that have been, was already nestling among those dreamy upland beeches. But through the gaps of their far-spreading foliage they beheld, down yonder, another and almost fabulous world, a world of liquid gold, that still throbbed with life. For the sun was sinking in a radiance that drowned the subtle colour-mosaics of noonday, and at their feet the plain, interwoven like some regal praying-carpet with arabesque delineations of roads and hedges and labyrinthine waterways, lay weltering in hazy leagues of orange-tawny splendour. Then a calm fell from on high, the calm of a sanctification, an apostolic peace; it streamed earthwards in showers of dewy benignance, and now nothing told of mortal man save where wreaths of smoke climbed aloft from a cluster of drowsy homesteads or where some window, smitten by a lingering beam, flashed into the twilight its fugitive, crimson conflagration.

The evening phase. . . .

And still neither spoke. The farmer trudged along, weighed down by a load of perplexities to which his long life's experience could suggest no solution. Since that

morning, when he had stood at his doorstep and glanced up at the Forge all veiled in ascending mists—what an eternity had passed! And the days, of late, had been slipping by; one like another, without incident.

He thought of Mathew, whose moral worth had always appealed to him; a drunkard but a right-minded fellow: that was past gainsaying. As for the other—the use and beauty of Henry's perverse intellectual gifts had ever been a puzzle to the old man who viewed human affairs from a fixed point, as he viewed the stars; an enigma, a blot in the world's contriving. Yet in the recollection of those poor distorted remains he grew more charitable; the ways of God are dark indeed, and—who knows?—without men of Henry's stamp there would perhaps be no honest folks. And then the third, with his attractive baby-face . . . Baby a murderer!

The evil mood returned.

His companion, bent under a heavy material burden, was stepping blithely forward. Maybe he had visions of a consoling kind—visions of another Forge-installation, of a sandy beach where amiable fowls disported themselves on quaintly-fashioned feet or paddled sententiously about the water. It never struck him that his miracle would be mute and motionless in that stagnation: its foolish little heart at rest.

And still they marched in silence. Once or twice the old man stopped short as though to say something, but he evidently thought better of it.

Darkness, meanwhile, came on apace. The blue wood-flowers waned to pallid spectres under its wizard touch; chill breaths of wind were creeping with ghostly footsteps down the gullies. Their path grew ever narrower in branch-charmed mystery, and when at last they emerged under the purple dome of Heaven, the lights of the village had begun to twinkle.

"If thou be lowly, serve a wise man"

By the Editor

This little precept is taken from the oldest extant book in the world, *The Instruction of Ptah-Hotep*, who wrote in Egypt about 3580 B.C.; and though it is old as man himself it is green as the grass upon the hills of England. To serve has always been the bedrock principle of all civilisations, societies, sociocracies, and communities, as it is the foundation of all religions. It is the spirit of the humility of Christ, of the Catholic adoration of the Virgin Mary: it is the quality itself of mercy and of what men loosely call humanity. The German Margrafs of Brandenburg took it for their motto: *Ich Dien.* Justice, obedience education, morality, order, government, the discipline of civilisation, without the duty implied by service, whether of the Lord or of man, these would be vain things. To serve is, in truth, the primal instinct of man, from the emperor who serves his ambition and the lover his lady to man's prostration before the supreme King.

It would seem to be the purpose in the scheme of life, the thing that we are born into the world to do, and that whether we like it or not. From the earliest beginnings we are caught in its coil, nor do we ever escape from it till the end. Whether it be called duty, ambition, condition, or expression we are all servers—of man, of ideas, of ideals; in our infancy, when we champion the lodestars of romance, to the drab servitude which oppresses so many of us in middle life. In modern times the necessity of it is even greater. Formerly a man could be a hermit, he could live in a cave in a forest, in a barrel, on a lonely mountain, and win to his own peace and understanding; but to-day we have no longer patience with such fellows, who in our modern conditions are tramps or wasters or idiots.

And yet the principle of serving is becoming harder and harder to fulfil. Before the great Moloch of our modern civilisation, money and its pursuit, facts seem greater prizes than ideas, and we are losing the motive for ideals which hitherto have been the power of religions and of kings. The authority of the Churches, and notably of Rome, lay in the idealist faith of the ignorant multitudes who believed and were content to serve, and so long as men were so content dogma, mysticism, fanaticism, privilege, and all gospels of hereditary and divine rights held sway and governance easily enough. Miracles were the pillars of religions, and battles of kings and their peoples; in the night of ignorance faith was at once a virtue and a necessity. In the rude ages men followed the sword because it was the emblem of power, as they followed creeds and doctrines of belief because of the mystery and terror of the unknown. To-day these privileges and gospels are falling from their state. We find it increasingly difficult to believe, and hence to obey, to reverence, and so to serve. The very conception of the word majesty is losing its meaning. There is no longer terror either in the world or of the supernatural. In the ocean of beliefs the sense of awe has departed. Before the greater realities of scientific discovery we have grown strangely sceptical, materialistic, egoistical; nor is any man held to be greater than the exact quantity of the immediate popularity surrounding him.

It is thus harder to serve because in this age of materialism and revelation we are all masters of our own conscience. Such a thing as religious persecution is to-day already an anachronism. A man can believe in any God he pleases, so long as he does not offend the Gods of other men, and the fact is revolutionary. Half the wars in the history of the world have been religious wars. Half the antagonism of peoples has arisen upon this litigious difference in religious creed and ritual. But to-day all that paraphernalia of the conscience has gone. The Latimers of modern England are Socialists, Syndicalists, a few of them Celts perhaps. What modern Englishman would go to the stake for refusing, say, to accept the divine presence in the eucharistic wafer? Already the notion of such a thing

is absurd. Yet the change is of enormous significance, one that must affect not only individuals, but nations and empires, as eventually the whole ethical, racial, and philosophic outlook of man, even upon such a conception as political boundary, which is still the fundamental condition of Continental militarism.

Not so long ago an old and hook-nosed woman was as like as not burnt for a witch; to-day eager politicians vie with one another to find her a suitable asylum, to provide for her, to insure her in her infirmities, and see that the rich contribute accordingly. The stay of our affairs is the great god, Mammon. There is no longer a Devil in the land. Even Hell itself is discredited. The goblins of old-time pantomime are dead. Dogma can hardly provoke a discussion at a curate's tea-party. We no longer frighten naughty children with the names of gnomes or spirits godly or evil. On the contrary, we are taking down the fig-leaves in the museums from the statues of the old Greeks. Our Lares are chiefly quack medicines, soaps, sauces, and condiments. Our ministers find it necessary to advertise to-day, as Lipton does, while even *The Miracle* at Olympia had to be "boosted." The modern appeal is almost entirely to the intelligence of the quasi-educated. Whetting the appetites of the mob is the great way to fortune in these days of literate populations. The modern deity is cash. It is the soul of all souls, temporal or spiritual. There is no longer any idea big enough in the world to combat it.

What windmill, unless it were the House of Lords, would Don Quixote, *redivivus*, charge at; what Dulcinea, unless Miss Pankhurst took a fancy to him, would he find to serve and honour and obey? The removal of mystery, which is the stronghold of religion, has destroyed the philosophy of respect, our willingness to serve an idea, beauty, strength, a man, a belief. Chivalry was, of course, essentially an abstract idea, an illusion, as women now inform us, yet many of the great deeds in history were done in its name; for it was the true spear of knighthood, exercising much the same power over man as the anatomical mystery of the Madonna exercised over the æstheticism of the great

epochs of Italian, Spanish, and Flemish art. Without the Madonna there would probably have been no superb Gothic churches, none of the great masterpieces of painting, little of the wonderful poetry associated with Christianity. Without chivalry, without the nobility inherent in the idea of deference and tenderness towards the weak, woman might still have remained in the conditions of the East, where love is naked of spirituality. Christianity and chivalry between them made it the stripling of sentiment, and woman the very altar of poetry. To these two ideas art and æsthetic culture generally owe most of their inspiration. Out of religion came dancing, music, poetry, painting, architecture, as out of Christianity we have the legacies of mercy and charity. All these years man has served the gods and demigods of abstract idea. The question is now that he is abandoning the abstract faith for the concrete, what good will come of it to him individually or to communities?

This materialism, if it can also be a force, as in the Germanic idea vested in the autocracy of the Hohenzollerns, is one of the difficulties of modern governments. That is why idea, as the motive power of Liberalism, is of such matter in a democratic time, when results are so much higher rated than individuals. A government to-day which merely exists is doomed to early failure. As illusion vanishes, weakness is more clearly felt, more widely resented; and achievement also becomes more difficult in that the lesser the contrast the greater is our severity.

The class war between labour and capital in England is not a new phenomenon, yet it has suddenly assumed proportions and an intensity hitherto unknown in English public life. Argument is sound enough on both sides, the reason of control by the directive energies as against the demands of the body who serve as wage-earners. The equation is the proportion between the sum earned and the economic rights of the employed. Socialisation of all industries might for a time solve the problem, yet in all probability only for a time, since the personal element is not and cannot be a fixed or even determinable factor, and

neither men nor things are permanently what they seem. The uncertainty of politics, conjecture, is ever defeated by conjunction and circumstance. Change, fluctuation, are the laws of life. Only ideas hold men and nations together. Only those we are willing to serve can lead us. That is why anarchy and all revolution are necessarily negative in their effects. The evil is only really in us when we cannot serve, when our illusions, hopes, and enthusiasms, the youth of us, have gone, and we can no longer believe in ourselves. For to believe in oneself, a man must believe in others. As there is no confidence without faith, so there is no victory without sacrifice.

Yet the need of the modern world is for faith. The last kittle of infancy that a child casts away is the battered thing it has always taken to bed and slept with and that has been its paramour of belief. Some women keep dolls. In the cupboards of most men there is some curious relic of the past, much cherished, often venerated in secret as a fetish, which they cling to as to an illusion. We are getting rid of superstition and doubt, but our fancies we must always have. They are our day-dreams, without which the mind would be no higher than matter. They keep up the coloured boundaries that we see on maps. Without them there would be no reason for armies or navies, for power or riches or attainment, and there would be no love or tenderness in any of us. An absolute condition of selfishness would lead to a man's as to a people's barrenness. Deprive man of faith, of enthusiasm, of illusion, and what is there in life that would keep him in it, struggling basely along with the mechanism only of involuntary effort? It could not be. The mystery of death would be a sweeter acquisition than life. He would welcome it, as we wait gladly for the darkness of night. Death in such case, whether of the individual or of a nation, would be the logical justification of life, which is in its purpose constructive.

Round about us we see the traditions and beliefs of the Middle Ages, of religions, of feudalism, of authority crumbling down, so that a stranger coming into modern civilisation would start with a mind free from the

shibboleths that we have believed in during all these centuries, and might even ask what actual purpose the churches now have in a time of so many unbelievers. He would find a world struggling for material advantage, everywhere doubt and consequently hesitation, weakness, cynicism, a spirit of quasi-revolt, and in every sphere the cry of emancipation.

If he had known Germany in the days of Mozart and quiet fireside chamber music, he would find Germans talking *Dreadnoughts* and the idea of a great and greater Fatherland. In Russia he would find peasants reading Oscar Wilde, Ruskin, and Wells. Had he ever dined with Michael Angelo, he would find an Imperial Italy talking, as we talked about Kruger, of the war in Tripoli. Were he an Elizabethan, he would find bridge and golf in the place of sonnets and buccaneering, pastime as the pennant of the rich, democracy as the ruler of the people. And he might write to the newspapers in astonishment and say something like this:

"But are there no longer ghosts, witches, cauldrons, burnings, rackings, thumbscrews? Has the Devil made a compact with man that unbelievers and the unorthodox are no longer tortured? Is it true that women slap publicly the faces of England's beefeaters and are not clapt forthwith in the dungeons of the Tower? Is it conceivable that the descendants of Drake and Frobisher are afraid of the Kaiser's Armada? Has football then really taken the place of the Cross? Is it true that the rapscallions, yeomen and swains of England read Karl Marx and are legally allowed to combine? Is the musical comedy spirit of the theatre genuinely attributed to Bacon? Do you mean to say we are going to permit Catholic Ireland to separate? Is there no pillory in Piccadilly for women who break windows? Is it possible that King George has not ordered his Chancellor's head off on a charge of high treason? Is it true that Tower Hill, the traditional and recognised place of execution at the disposal of royalty, is now the executive stumping-ground of mob orators and law-breakers? Are there honestly so few Englishmen in the mercantile marine or in the Cabinet? Are all actors

knighted when there seem to be so few *preux chevaliers* about? Do you mean to say England is the friend of Papal France, and that her real enemy is Protestant Germany? Is no man safe from the Press and their flying machines? Did I hear rightly that "Jimmy" Braid is a better-known figure than Raleigh was in his day? Am I correctly informed that the Dukes and the aristocracy are investing their money in foreign lands, when we Elizabethans took so much pleasure and pains to transport this wealth to England? Is the shrine of England really the circulation of the Daily ——?"

Here, no doubt, editors would discreetly leave a blank, but they would have to admit the absence in modern England of all blank verse and much else that our Elizabethan stranger would deplore. We would answer him thus: "It is true there is no Ben Jonson, but we have Bernard Shaw, and if there are no plays, there are posses of pink-faced dimpled ladies on the stage who smile and marry admirably. Because superstition with its playmate, torture, has gone, you must not think we have no enthusiasms. On the contrary, golf is a better medicine than sack, and politics more helpful than astrology. We no longer duel, we fly, we dive under the sea, we speed comfortably along the highroads as fast as a shot dispatched from a seventeenth-century blunderbuss. If we have no Raleigh, at any rate we smoke his tobacco; if we have no dark ladies of the sonnets, we have such a surfeit of the sex that it has broken out in revolt, so that our shrews now tame themselves. The general is literate to-day—therefore it reads and thinks; instead of the clamp of fealty it has the conscience of its own corporate entity, and if it is a poor world, why so, my master, it always has been. It is true we talk more about Bacon than Shakespeare, but even the libraries don't stock the *Novum Organum*. If Tower Hill is a good coign of vantage for Socialist propaganda, the Tower still keeps the crown of royalty. We rack no man or brains to-day—this is the age of feminism and of eugenics. Calais, mind you, was only Mary's black pudding, and has long gone off our chests—the French taught us to fly, and Paris is the petticoat of the world. No, my friend, we are not decadent. Remember, we stood loyally by our African

buccaneers. We did not cut their heads off, as you people did. We have given up martyrdom, stakes, and sonnets; instead we have horse-racing and political speeches. Better knight our actors than ignore them, as you seem to have done with your 'lacquey' William. The trouble with Germany is not that we are afraid, but simply that ships are so terribly expensive, and Germany will go on increasing the bill. If you compare the spirit of your England with that of the Georgian era you will not find much in it. There is a lot of sea-dog, striving, piracy, and love-making about. Believe us, we are not rotten because we don't spill blood to fatten the stomachs of a contentious clericalism. The principle of the country is unique. If materialism has ousted some of our illusions, better live comfortably perhaps in the suburbs than have one's body burnt or broken on the wheel as a heretic, or rebel, or defamer of the faith. If our gods are fewer, Mammon is a great god. After all, a 'fiver' is of more value than a doubloon: we have got Gibraltar, and there is quite a revival in Spanish sherry."

On the whole we have better things to-day than racks and thumbscrews, which were as much the appurtenances of religion as was the poetic æstheticism of the churches. Only art is more durable. We can see the great things that our predecessors made; the deaths, the mangled lives, the hideous cruelty associated with the mechanism of it all, these things lie buried with their bones. At no former time in history was life so interesting, so palpitating with discovery, opportunity, endeavour and design as the age we live in, or the rewards greater and so just. If there is less repose, there is far more reality; less contemplation, more widespread satisfaction. The facts of science are infinitely more useful to the human race than the whilom consolations of religions and ignorance, and, intellectually, much more inspiring. Galileo was a greater man than any Pope. To-day we all want to know: we have the freedom of knowledge. What more, when all is said and done, can a man desire?

Or any woman, by my faith! Till quite recently, on pain of death a man had to profess belief in the religion

of his country. To-day he can get up in Hyde Park and denounce all the institutions, churches, governments, creeds and articles of mankind from Moses onwards, and go home to Yorkshire pudding for lunch with impunity. We were subjects before, to-day we are all individuals. And it is a great thing, this new-born freedom of ours, though it has its snares and dangers. Perhaps to the arts more than to any other work of man, the commercialisation of life dulls the edge of nobility and inspiration and chills our æsthetic sense. It is hard to go out into the desert and do a piece of work for its own sake alone. The spurious glamour of what is called success is often so much more easy and remunerative. But in other paths all men may light and bear a torch. The beadles and baubles of persecution repose in the cases of museums. Equality is becoming more and more the manna of mankind.

Yet freedom itself is but an illusion, for in fact there is no such thing. To do nothing, think nothing, to be nothing towards anybody or anything is a form of slavery happily beyond our compass. How otherwise is the extraordinary optimism, good temper, light-heartedness of the poor to be explained? Unhappiness is the luxury of the rich. In our present state, when we are discarding the sacraments of so many faiths and traditions, it is as well to realise that there is no escape from the bonds and cerements of life whch form man's mortal calvary. "I am," "I will"—that is our true philosophy. As it was written on papyrus in the oldest book in the world: "If thou be lowly, serve a wise man." If we are no longer the slaves and hostages of illusion, assuredly we shall still have to serve; and it may be in the service of mankind we shall find essentially the higher humanity.

The Cotton Industry and Free Trade

By Sir Charles W. Macara, Bart.*

In connection with recent events in the political world, I have been requested to restate my arguments against Tariff Reform, which remain unanswered, and which I believe are unanswerable. I admit that the cotton industry of England presents perhaps the most striking example that can be found against the adoption of Tariff Reform, although it is probable that if the arguments that have been applied to the cotton industry were applied to our other staple industries, they would be found in the main to be equally applicable to them. Be this as it may, an industry which in addition to supplying our home requirements represents about one-third of our total exports of manufactures, is one which demands the most careful consideration in relation to any attempt to reverse our fiscal policy.

Our imports of foreign cotton manufactures do not amount to one-tenth of our exports of cotton manufactures, and if the former are closely examined it will be found that they are largely composed of goods exported from England for the purpose of undergoing some special process of manufacture or finishing, and that they are returned to England, and in many cases re-exported to other countries, forming part of the export trade not only of England, but of those foreign countries. A notable example of this is found in connection with Swiss embroidery, lace goods, hosiery, &c.

The Growth of the Industry.

Owing largely to our Free Trade policy, among other factors, the English cotton industry has attained dimensions

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which have made it the envy of every other cotton manufacturing country in the world. It stands in an absolutely unique position: not one pound of the raw material necessary for the carrying on of the industry is grown in England. We have to import this raw material largely from the United States of America and from Egypt, and our finished fabrics are exported not only to the twenty-one other countries engaged in the spinning and manufacturing of cotton, but to almost every country in the world. This remarkable trade has gone on developing year after year, and the recent expansion of machinery during the prosperous years of 1905–6–7, an expansion which, I admit, has been on too large a scale, represents an additional number of spindles equivalent to the total number of cotton-spinning spindles in Germany, and exceeds the total cotton-spinning machinery in India and Japan, even making allowance for the running of the spindles in Japan night and day. Night work in the Japanese mills may not, however, be allowed to continue much longer, legislative action being contemplated. One has to remember in this connection that India and Japan commenced the manufacture of cotton goods by power over fifty years ago.

International Organisation.

In 1904, owing to a shortage in the supply of raw material, a new departure of the first importance was taken in the conduct of the world's cotton industry.

This was the establishment of the International Federation of Master Cotton Spinners' and Manufacturers' Associations. All the cotton-using countries, I am glad to say, have either joined this International Federation or co-operate with it. Nine International Congresses have been held, eight in Europe and one in America. In the coming autumn a tenth congress will be held in Egypt. The range of subjects dealt with is constantly being enlarged, and the more deeply these are investigated the greater are the possibilities disclosed. The bare enumeration of the subjects which have been dealt with shows how many problems there are which can only be successfully solved by international action. Amongst these subjects are included the expansion of the present cotton-fields, and the opening up of new ones in any part of the world in which this can be

done with success to meet the ever-increasing requirements; the more scientific cultivation of the raw material; improvements in the ginning, baling, warehousing, and transport of cotton, especially American cotton, by which large savings can be effected; the international standardisation of grades of cotton; reforms in the marketing of cotton; schemes for the regulation of the supply of the raw material and for dealing with temporary over-production of manufactures; half-yearly statistics of cotton in the hands of spinners, and yearly statistics of the consumption of cotton; mill fire insurance problems; the establishment of Courts of Arbitration for the settlement of disputes in international trading; and the perfecting of organisation, both national and international.

Educational Work.

These international meetings further demonstrate most forcibly the interdependence of all nations, and they are evidence that it is possible to discuss matters that are of vital importance to the welfare of the cotton industry of so many countries and at the same time to maintain perfect harmony; indeed, this international movement dealing with the cotton industry is a striking object-lesson which might be followed with advantage in other directions.

It is quite impossible for any nation single-handed to cope with the many problems that have to be dealt with in carrying on this great industry. International co-operation is a vital necessity. In connection with the International Congresses, fifteen volumes of reports dealing with subjects of the deepest interest to everyone engaged in the growing, handling, marketing, spinning, and weaving of cotton have been printed in three languages and widely circulated throughout the world. Whatever excuse, therefore, there may have been eight years ago for ignorance on the part of writers on the cotton industry, there is none now.

I may add that the International Cotton Federation's reports are sent to the leaders of the cotton operatives, and, in return, the reports of the International Federation of Operatives' Trade Unions are sent to the heads of the employers' organisations. By this means both employers and operatives are educated in the serious problems that

have to be faced in carrying on an industry that plays an all-important part in clothing the people of the world.

How Mistakes Arise.

I have frequently noticed in speeches dealing with trade matters that quite wrong deductions are arrived at from Board of Trade figures. Although these figures are admirably compiled, yet to study them in dealing with an industry like the cotton industry, without having regard to other influences such as, for instance, the violent fluctuations which take place in the price of the raw material, generally leads to conclusions which are quite erroneous. Nor can the weight of yarn or the number of yards of cloth exported be accepted as reliable guides to the trade transacted. Such figures are not reliable unless the coarseness or fineness of the yarns and cloth exported be taken into account. The range of values arising from differences of quality is very great. Comparisons of the number of spindles and looms running may easily and readily be misleading unless we take into account both the speed at which the machinery is run and its productive capacity. To those engaged in the industry all these classes of statistics may be taken as rough and approximate indications of the movement of business, their experience enabling them to make the necessary deductions and allowances. To those who have no experience, or very slight experience of the cotton trade, the figures may be made to support conclusions utterly fallacious.

The correctness of my contentions will be readily appreciated when I point out that as a result of a difference of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per pound which sometimes takes place between one season and another, the value of the world's cotton crop may vary as much as £100,000,000 or more.

A Recommendation.

I think, therefore, that with the information now available regarding the world's cotton industry, it ought to be possible both for responsible statesmen in this country and for individuals who presume to write upon so complex an industry as that of the spinning and manufacturing of cotton, to avoid the wrong deductions to which I have

referred, but one sees glaring mistakes repeated with painful frequency.

I would strongly recommend the editors of the public Press and of magazines to refer to the published reports of the International Cotton Federation, which was established for the better conduct of the cotton industry of the world, before allowing statements to appear in their columns which can only have the effect of misleading the public regarding the basis upon which the unique cotton industry of England has been built up, maintained, and extended, an industry the successful conduct of which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of our position as a great commercial nation. The loss to England of this industry would so seriously prejudice the position of all our other industries as to render them unprofitable. It cannot be too forcibly stated that the position of a commercial nation is very similar to that of a commercial undertaking. Any business man knows that should he lose one-third of his trade it would be impossible to run the other two-thirds at a profit. The cotton industry of England, so far as the employment of the workers is concerned, taking into consideration the purchasing power of money, affords a means of livelihood which I have no hesitation in saying is not equalled by any other staple industry in the world. It is true that in the United States of America higher money wages may be earned, but in that country the purchasing power of money is much lower than it is here.

In efficiency, also, the English cotton operatives are unequalled: the same may be said of their self-reliance. The latter quality they have repeatedly displayed in recent years in facing crises in the industry caused by a shortage in the supply of the raw material.

A Modest Return on Capital.

Excepting in special sections of this industry, the average return on the whole of the capital employed, after paying management expenses, is a modest one. This is attributable, to a large extent, to the recurring over-extension of the industry during periods of prosperity.

The dividends of limited companies which are published are not much guide as to profits earned on the whole of the capital employed. The share capital frequently

represents only a half, a third, or even a quarter of the capital, the remainder being loan capital at a fixed rate of interest.

In view of the comprehensive nature of the figures which are now available as a result of the International Cotton Federation's efforts, it is to be hoped that the reckless extension of cotton mills will be prevented. This extension in times past has too often been carried out without any regard to the supply of raw material, of labour, or to the normal increase in the requirements of the consumers of cotton goods.

What applies to the cotton industry in this respect applies more or less to all our staple industries, and, as I have previously said, accounts to a certain extent for the low average profits earned.

The Evils of Over-production.

Some contributors to the Press argue that over-production assists England in competing in the markets of the world, but I hold the view that it is distinctly detrimental to the interests of both employers and workers, and in this opinion I believe the leaders of the Lancashire cotton operatives concur. I notice, also, that writers on social questions in their denunciation of the capitalist class in general usually overlook the fact that many millions who either belong to the working classes, or have risen from their ranks, have invested their savings in joint-stock companies, by which such a large percentage of industrial enterprises is now carried on.

The great problem that has to be solved is that of an equitable division of the profits of industry between those who supply the capital and those who supply the labour. It is obvious that both have their respective rights.

Labour the Great Factor.

In view of the small average return on the capital invested in the staple industries, it is all the more necessary that any proposed fiscal, or other economic change, should be examined with the utmost care by practical men—men who have had large experience in the conduct of the various industries, and who, taught by that experience, can

estimate the effects which such proposed changes would bring about were they put into operation.

The cotton industry has all along been in the forefront in its examination of prospective legislation, and in its opposition to such legislation as would impose burdens which it considered the industry could not bear. All legislation touching labour must of necessity affect the English cotton industry much more than it affects most of the other staple industries, as labour is not only a much greater factor in the cotton industry than in most other staple industries in England, but it is a vastly greater factor in the English cotton industry than it is in the cotton industry of any of the other countries of the world.

Differences in Cost and Consumption.

I have repeatedly shown, since the fiscal controversy began in 1903, the fallacy of many of the conclusions arrived at by eminent statesmen on both sides who have not had a practical knowledge of the statistics which they use. With regard to Tariff Reformers, the item of consumption of raw material is the rock upon which their arguments are shattered. During the past decade American cotton, which regulates the price of all other growths of cotton, has been as low as $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. and as high as $9d.$ per lb. Applying these enormous fluctuations to an average crop of recent years it will be found that the difference in value at these prices will probably considerably exceed £200,000,000.

The difference in the consumption of cotton per spindle in the various cotton manufacturing countries of the world is also striking. The average consumption of cotton per spindle in England is somewhat less than half the average consumption per spindle of the mills on the Continent of Europe, and is about two-fifths of the consumption per spindle in America, although one-fifth of the English cotton-spinning machinery employed for the home market is engaged in spinning yarn of a kind that requires a weight of raw cotton greatly in excess of the average consumption per spindle in England.

The smaller the consumption of raw material per spindle the greater is the cost of the labour employed, and the greater the consumption of raw cotton per spindle the

smaller is the cost of the labour. I have before referred to variations in the price of the raw material sometimes being as great as £100,000,000 from one cotton season to another, and it will now be seen that the English cotton industry, with its fifty-five million spinning spindles,* consuming about one-fifth of the world's production of the raw material, would be called upon in the event of such an increase to pay an extra £20,000,000, whereas the other countries, with about eighty-four million spindles, using four-fifths of the crop, would have to pay an increase between them of £80,000,000.

It is, of course, obvious that this increase has to be added to the cost of the goods.

Worthless Comparisons.

The fluctuations in the other factors that go to the production of cotton goods are insignificant compared with those of the raw material. It will be seen, therefore, that the gross money value of the cotton goods produced outside England is vastly more affected by a great enhancement in the price of the raw material, which, since 1904, has ruled high, than is the case in England. This shows the utter worthlessness of comparisons based upon values alone. These supposed increases of trade from which comparisons are drawn may be brought about by a real or anticipated scarcity of the raw material and gambling operations.

Another feature of the Tariff Reformers' arguments is that they are frequently based on personal experiences of cases of hardship which, under either Free Trade or Protection, are certain to arise. Many of these, if closely investigated, would be found to be attributable to other causes. In protected countries the same complaints are made. For example, I myself have heard cotton employers abroad complain bitterly that after having built cotton mills, and fitted them with English machinery at considerably greater cost, owing to Protection, than would have been the case in England, they are now compelled by legal enactment to reduce the working hours to nearly the same as in England; and in this I think they have a real griev-

* It frequently happens in published statistics that doubling spindles are included in the total number of spindles. This leads to wrong conclusions regarding the consumption of raw cotton and the production of yarn. Doubling spindles do not consume raw cotton: they are engaged in a second process in cotton spinning.

ance, as every practical man in the cotton trade will admit. A reduction in hours, also, is usually followed by a demand for increased wages.

Mr. Chamberlain's Fallacy.

The only large centre of the cotton industry in which Mr. Chamberlain expounded his Tariff Reform proposals was, so far as I remember, Preston. He there called attention, as many Tariff Reform advocates have since done, to what he styled the decadence of the English cotton industry. This decadence, Mr. Chamberlain pointed out, was seen in the relative positions occupied by England as regards the consumption of the raw cotton at the time he was speaking and thirty-five years previously. Mr. Chamberlain probably did not realise that the annual cotton crop of the world was 7,000,000 bales in the latter period, and that it had increased to about 20,000,000 bales, and that had England occupied the same relative position in providing cotton clothing for the people of the world at the beginning of this century, as she did thirty-five years earlier, the employment given would have been so great that the production of cotton goods alone would have absorbed the energies of such a large proportion of the population of Great Britain that other important industries would have had to be abandoned. Even now, owing to the recent expansion of cotton machinery in England, there is some anxiety as to whether there will be sufficient operatives to run all the mills when they are completed.

Referring once again to the difference in the quantity of the raw material consumed in various mills, it would surprise an inexperienced observer to find that of two mills apparently the same, one will spin yarn almost as fine as a spider's web and consume only a small number of bales of high-priced cotton per week, while the other may require 250 to 300 bales weekly of a cheaper cotton to supply its machinery. In one case the valuable weekly production is quite insignificant in bulk, whilst in the other the production would be sufficient to furnish freight for twenty or thirty railway trucks.

Statesmen and Industrial Intricacies.

I maintain that it is next to impossible for statesmen who do not understand the intricacies of our great industries

to realise the serious consequences that might result from the imposition of tariffs, or from any other serious economic change brought about by legislative action. It must never be lost sight of that ill-considered changes of this kind might easily prove disastrous.

In the carrying on of the industries of the country wages come as a first charge, then imperial and local taxation, then the other innumerable charges, and it would surprise the inexperienced to learn, after all these have been met, what a slender margin there is for the payment of a return on the capital invested, and how easily ill-considered economic changes might reduce that return to such an extent as to discourage industrial enterprise, and thus lead to widespread unemployment. These remarks as to the return on capital being the last charge to be met apply with equal force, not only to all our staple industries, but, indeed, to all enterprises, such as railways, shipping, &c.

The wave of depression that overtook the cotton industry in 1908 to 1911, and from which the trade has now emerged, has affected all cotton-using countries alike. Some Protectionist countries have, indeed, suffered to a greater extent than England has, but the grossest misrepresentation of the true facts has been made by advocates of Tariff Reform.

Experience has proved that, owing to Free Trade, the English cotton industry, commanding as it does the markets of the world, is not so speedily affected by trade depression as is the cotton industry in most other countries, and that it more quickly recovers from its effects.

Comparisons with Foreign Countries.

Although all the raw material for the English cotton industry has to be imported, employment for about four-fifths of the spindles has to be found in competition with the other nations of the world engaged in the manufacturing of cotton goods. The United States of America, on the other hand, although two-thirds of the cotton crop of the world is grown there, are mostly engaged in manufacturing cotton goods for their own requirements, only exporting about 5 per cent. of their cotton manufactures.

The cost of the erection of mills in foreign countries varies from 40 to 100 per cent. over the cost in England.

This is a very serious handicap, and I may further point out that the advantages which foreign countries have had over England in the longer hours worked and lower wages paid to the workers are gradually diminishing. The International Federation of Operatives' Trade Unions has been in existence since 1900, and one result of its labours has been shown in the levelling up of the conditions of the workers more to the English standard. This process is likely to continue until the conditions of labour become equalised all over the world. As a consequence of this increase in the cost of production abroad there are signs in many directions that attempts are being made, and will continue to be made, for a reduction in the tariffs of foreign countries; indeed, the changes which are taking place must sooner or later lead to a demand for tariff reductions.

Cotton Growing.

To show the deep interest which the workers in the English cotton industry take in the welfare of the industry by which they live, I would mention the prominent part they take in the work of the British Cotton Growing Association. In this, I think, they set an example to the whole industrial world. Not only do the operatives contribute money to the funds of the Association, but their leaders serve on the controlling body. The British Cotton Growing Association, as is well known, is a public-spirited movement, established for the purpose of promoting the extension of the cultivation of cotton within the British Empire. The example set by this association has been followed by the other European countries, in which similar associations have been formed. These associations are devoting much energy to the development of cotton-growing in the colonies of their respective countries.

In my opinion, such friendly co-operation between capital and labour will do more to remove industrial unrest than anything else that can be devised.

Summary.

Let me summarise my case for the maintenance of Free Trade.

(1) Lancashire, the centre of the cotton industry of England, has during the last fifty years doubled her popu-

lation; she has also doubled her cotton machinery, considerably improved its efficiency and increased the speed at which it is run, with the result that not only is there a proportionately greater output, but the output is of immensely increased value.

(2) The importance of the cotton industry of England may be judged from the fact that its products, in addition to providing for our home requirements, represent about a third of our total exports of manufactures. This export trade is about three-quarters of the production of our fifty-five million spindles and the dependent machinery. These exports go to the great neutral markets, as well as largely to the countries which have a cotton industry of their own, forming part of their exports. There are something like eighty-four million spindles in the other twenty-one cotton manufacturing countries. Next in importance to England comes the United States of America with twenty-nine and a half million spindles, then on the Continent of Europe Germany leads with ten million spindles; in the Far East there are in India six million spindles, and about two million spindles in Japan.

(3) In round figures the cotton crop of the world now averages about twenty million bales, and a common fallacy of Tariff Reformers is to gauge the value of the cotton industry of the respective countries by the weight of raw cotton consumed, thus displaying their utter inexperience of the conditions under which the industry is carried on. England, with considerably over one-third of the spindles of the world, consumes annually four million bales of cotton, whereas the United States of America, with about half the number of spindles there are in England, consumes five million bales; and Germany, with considerably less than a fifth of the spindles in England, consumes one and three-quarter million bales. This proves the absurdity of the Tariff Reformers' contention. It is obvious that the value of the cotton trade of the respective countries can really only be gauged by the extent of the machinery, the labour employed, the fineness, variety, excellence, and value of the fabrics produced.

(4) Another of the gross misrepresentations by the advocates of Tariff Reform was in stating that the recent depression in the cotton trade arose from Free Trade. If

so, how was it that every other cotton manufacturing country in the world, most of which are under Protection, was in the same condition? I say emphatically that the cause of the world-wide depression in the cotton trade had nothing whatever to do with the fiscal policy of this or any other country.

If a careful study had been made of the effect Tariff Reform would have upon our greatest manufacturing industry, I am of opinion it would never have been launched; but from the arguments of the advocates of Tariff Reform it is evident that no proper investigation was ever made. From my intercourse with the leading men in the cotton trade of the world, and consequent knowledge of the conditions under which the industry is carried on, both at home and abroad, I am convinced that we have advantages at present which we should be deprived of were Tariff Reform adopted in England. Its adoption would, in my opinion, not only enhance the cost of building and equipping mills, but it would also increase the cost of coal and other requisites for running the mills; it would further increase the cost of the numerous processes through which cotton passes, each of which, like the building, equipping, and running of mills, involves a large amount of labour; therefore, the accumulated enhancement in the cost of the finished fabrics would speedily undermine our position, and sooner or later our gigantic export trade in cotton goods would pass into other hands. The loss of a trade which stands at the head of our exporting industries would be a disaster not only to the millions of people directly interested in it, but would seriously affect all our national activities. In my opinion, none would suffer more severely than the great landowners, many of whom seem to be the strongest advocates of Tariff Reform. Their interests and those of the agricultural classes are inseparably bound up with the prosperity of our great manufacturing industries, and the power of these industries to maintain and extend our enormous export trade. It is well to remember that within a radius of fifty miles of the Manchester Exchange there is a population nearly equal to the populations of Canada and Australia combined, and this area forms the largest outlet for agricultural produce of any similar area within the United Kingdom.

The United Kingdom is pre-eminently an industrial and commercial nation, dependent more than any other country for the employment of her population of about forty-six millions upon the maintenance and expansion of her foreign trade. In Protected countries the tendency is for the cost of living to increase more and more; this, coupled with the demands of labour to obtain the conditions existing in England, is undoubtedly reducing the power of those nations to compete successfully in the markets of the world.

Tariff Reform once begun in England would most assuredly follow the course it has done where Protection has been adopted. One result would be industrial strife in the endeavour to adjust the changed conditions, and the enhancement of the cost of production would also speedily follow. Both of these would seriously prejudice our power of continuing to secure the large share of the trade of the world we at present possess.

In conclusion, I think from the foregoing I have proved how futile it is for statesmen to continue the controversy regarding the fiscal policy of this country. The only way in which it can be effectively dealt with is by the appointment of a Commission constituted on the lines of the Industrial Council, which was the outcome of my proposals last year for dealing with the industrial situation generally and with deadlocks in labour disputes—another problem of vast importance. This Commission should, like the Industrial Council, be composed of men representing capital and labour, whose prominent position in the leading industries of the country, and not their political creeds, should be their qualifications. After the question had been thoroughly examined by some such body, and the public educated thereby, then a referendum could follow. If as a result it were proved that Tariff Reform would be for the welfare of the greatest number its adoption would be justified, but its adoption would certainly not be justified till this has been conclusively proved.

Ships *versus* Men in the Navy

By Stephen Reynolds

WHENEVER living men form an essential working part of an institution, an organisation, or a piece for machinery, for no matter what purpose—social, industrial, military, or, above all, naval—we are met sooner or later by the need of balancing against one another the human and non-human elements of it; for sooner or later, at least temporarily, the claims of each on the source which ultimately supplies both, are sure to conflict. But the non-human element is calculable,* the human element uncalculable, because the former is material, whereas the latter is partially immaterial and incomparably more variable. The one is an affair of ascertainable fact, but the other, into which feeling and individuality enter largely, is an affair of judgment. If, for example, a bicycle is coasting downhill behind me, I can estimate swiftly the momentum of man and machine, and their joint impact against me—given time, I could calculate it exactly—but my danger really depends on what the man may do, whether he will come straight at me, or whether, perhaps, he will run into the hedge to avoid me. That is uncalculable, a matter of judgment. Or, again, I can calculate with exactitude how much coal a boiler requires in order to develop a certain head of steam, but I can do no more than judge how much food and good treatment, pay, and encouragement the stokers will demand to work well. It is open to them to refuse duty altogether. If I am wise, I shall take care to leave them a good margin, for by stinting them I shall probably lose on the coal more than I gain, and yet not obtain the steam-pressure I want. How to get their best out of men is not the same thing as how to get the best out of a machine; and how to get the best out of the two

* Throughout this article the word *calculable* is used in its strict sense: that which can be calculated in figures, or, at least, by syllogism founded on well-defined premisses.

combined, how to weigh up their respective claims, is a still more difficult question.

It is never easy to balance against one another the exactly calculable and the uncalculable, and it is one of the vices of modern social and political thought that it usually bilks the difficulty. Instead of using judgment—suspended judgment, if necessary—it reduces the uncalculable to the bogus calculable, and proceeds to argue therefrom. It wallows in facts which may be true, but are not the whole truth.

> Its taste exact for faultless fact
> Amounts to a disease,

inasmuch as, if it hasn't the facts, it invents them, and that which cannot be expressed in facts and figures, it ignores. Consequently, it makes the mistake of comparing conscious living organisms, whether individual or collective, by their outward and visible measurements, by weighing their statistical bones, indeed; and in effect, it treats the material part as greater than the whole, or, at all events, as of more importance.

In the reception of the Insurance Act an excellent political instance lies to hand. Insurance in an approved society, or pseudo-insurance under the Post Office deposit scheme, was made compulsory for the working classes. The number of insured persons is calculable, their opinion on the subject is not. Yet when Mr. Lloyd George announced that so many millions had joined approved societies, his statement was gravely hailed by several politicians and political writers as proof *by figures* that public opinion was not, after all, so unfavourable to the Act. The figures, however, proved nothing, except that the so many millions found it expedient to join up. Had the opinion of every one of them been dead against the Act, the figures might have been just the same. How far they went in as sheep to a legal slaughter, or as children reaching for a rare and refreshing fruit, is still unascertainable. The calculable has not elucidated the uncalculable. It was fundamentally fallacious to expect it to do so.

This one-eyed method of looking at things—whether due to a brain-laziness shared by all, or to bedazzlement by scientific method and achievement without recognition of science's limitations—runs throughout public affairs, and

even through most of the scientific research which deals with human beings. But nowhere has it had so clear, so grave, and, for the matter of that, so expensive a result as in naval affairs. The Admiralty has been in part the victim and in part the abettor. The *personnel*, the lower deck especially, has been wholly the victim. And since the lower deck is an essential working part of that organism, the Fleet, any victimisation of it is bound to react on the efficiency of the Navy as a whole.

In other words, having failed to keep the balance between the claims of the non-human and human elements, the exactly calculable and the uncalculable, we have hidden our heads, ostrich-like, in the sands of the calculable—the number of our ships and guns—refusing to face the uncalculable, namely, the welfare of the men and the general efficiency of men and ships combined. The Navy has suffered, and we shall have to suffer, too, in delayed expenditure, if in no worse way.

The course of this process, which I have tried to state above in its most general terms, is not difficult to follow. Perhaps it was more or less inevitable in the semi-democratic management of a Navy. For some years, particularly since the *Dreadnought* boom of 1906, we have been fighting a duel of armaments, primarily with Germany, secondarily, with all other fleet-owning Powers not definitely allied to us. We have sought to retain "command of the seas." The cost has been almost ruinous, the money hard to find; and it has had, moreover, to be extracted from an already burdened taxpayer, who has a vote, which returns a Government, which appoints a First Lord of the Admiralty—and so on, in the manner of the House that Jack Built.

Advertisement is the recognised means nowadays of getting money out of the public, and though it can be held that the Admiralty—in order, even, the better to cajole the public—has not applied the money properly, has failed to allocate it justly between ships and men, it can hardly be said that the Admiralty has shown a lack of skill or energy in advertising the Navy. Review follows review, each one "the greatest Armada the world has ever seen"; Members of Parliament and selected editors are taken to

see the Fleet, and are "done well"; newspapers swell with portentousness over secret manœuvres they are not allowed to witness; the country's chronic state of naval scare has a curious habit of coming to a head at appropriate and useful moments. . . .

But with what actual result so far?

The result follows from the conditions of the game. Ships bulk larger in the public eye than men, much larger than the men's welfare. Their cost has become so great that the public is naturally proud of what has cost it so much. In warfare itself, ships and men together would be pitted against ships and men; but in the duel of armaments, it is easier, and on paper more effective, to put ships against ships, both being calculable, tonnage against tonnage, guns against guns; and in a lesser degree, total numbers of men against total numbers of men, though that is less exactly calculable and less popular, being quite obviously complicated by considerations of training and length of service; whereas the welfare, the contentment, the good-will and the consequent general efficiency of the men, though of critical importance in warfare, is uncalculable, and is therefore neglected in the political and paper duel of armaments. And therefore, too, the claims and welfare of the men have been neglected in practice. The Admiralty, to use a lower-deck phrase, has gone all the bundle on ships.

It does not need to take everything Lord Charles Beresford says without a grain of salt, nor yet to side with his frank animosities, in order to appreciate the following passage from his book, *The Betrayal*,* seeing that its essential correctness, at any rate as regards the *personnel*, has since been admitted by implication.

> The true explanation of the whole deplorable business is the desire to save money on men and officers, by keeping the *personnel* within certain limits. Given a certain number of men, there can only be a certain number of ships. But the public demand ships, as concrete objects which they can understand. They do not demand men and officers. Therefore, it was decided to effect illegitimate and contemptible economies in the very life of the fleet by systematic undermanning. His Majesty's ships have been undermanned for years. But the most disastrous act of all was to cancel the provision of men for the future requirements of the Fleet, and then to

* *The Betrayal: Being a Record of Facts Concerning Naval Policy and Administration from the Year 1902 to the Present Time.* By Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M.P. (London: King and Son. January 29th, 1912.)

throw away whole squadrons of valuable ships. Let the public fix their attention in the men: on the training of officers, the welfare of the men; and the "ironmongery" will follow in due course.

In fine—given a certain amount of money practicably procurable—an excess spent in ships must come out of the men, excess in *matériel* out of the *personnel*. The expression "Ships *versus* Men," rather than "Ships *and* Men," does represent an actual fact of the naval situation. A period of immense expansion and expenditure in the one direction has been relatively, and in some respects even positively, a period of economies in the other.

In Service circles it has been known for years, in spite of official denials, that the Fleet was both undermanned and inadequately manned with too large a proportion of youngsters and reservists. The nucleus crew system never did have the approval of those who had to do the work or get it done. But the economies in *personnel* went further than the manning, further, that is to say, than the number of men. Those who have first to suffer from economy are always those least able to resist it. In the Service, the lower deck is least able to resist; and the lower deck, in fact, has borne the worst of the brunt. It is very difficult to resist when appeals are not listened to, protests are treated as disaffection, and action is mutiny, punishable as such.

A well-known slim device for effecting economies, without adding to the number of workers or the wage-bill, is to speed up the work with a tighter discipline, to lengthen the working hours, to postpone overdue reforms in working conditions, and to increase production by training the comparatively unskilled worker to the use of machinery, paying him, nevertheless, the same as before for his more skilled and responsible work.

In its entirety, that device has been carried out with the lower deck. Like the rest of the Service, it has been speeded up; and on the face of it, there is no objection to making men work hard, provided the pay and conditions are improved to correspond. But the pay remains the same, or is slightly less: it has been officially admitted that the average pay and allowances of the seaman branch have fallen twenty-four shillings a head since 1909. Hours, on the other hand, have lengthened, so that it is no uncommon

thing for the men to be kept on the go both day and night. Discipline, though somewhat less brutal, has been taking a tighter grip on the details of the men's lives, until, indeed, they find themselves meshed up in an almost incredible network of regulations. Promotion, with its consequent rise of pay, has been retarded by keeping down the *personnel*, which, for all our shipbuilding, has only increased since 1908 from 128,000 to 136,000; by heightening the qualifications, by keeping fully qualified men for long periods without promotion, and by setting men to do the work of the rating next above their own, without, however, giving them the pay of the higher rating. "The average length of time," says *The Fleet*, "which the average man remains an A.B. has considerably more than doubled during the past fifteen years; this not only keeps him at the lowest rate of wages for that extended period, but very seriously curtails his pension."

Meanwhile, especially since the concentration of the Fleet around England, the Navy man has come into closer contact with land life. Prices ashore have been on the up grade, and so to a less degree have wages. Examinations for promotion and requalifying tests have increased in stringency to such an extent that good seamen, who know their job thoroughly but are not book-learnt, have been going out of the Service at the end of their first twelve years, or have been buying themselves out, for lack of prospects in it. The older type of happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sailor, who blued his money on land and then went to sea for more, has been giving place in the Navy to the man bent on making a career for himself. The Admiralty has demanded intelligence, a steadier, brainier type, and in the main has got it. But the Admiralty has not paid for it. As an ex-naval officer put it in the *Daily Chronicle* of August 12th, 1912, "The Navy has had a distinct lift-up of recent years." But he, like the rest, had apparently forgotten that, though the Admiralty raised the standard, it is the men themselves who have lifted themselves up; that, in practice, it costs a man more money to live according to lifted-up standards, and that lifted-up men will not stand the same conditions as men not lifted up.

The outcome on the lower deck has been a growing sense of soreness, of grievance, of being "done down"; a

smouldering discontent which might at any moment recently have burst into a blaze, and which has, in fact, thrown off more sparks than the public is aware of. A yarn that is being told of Mr. Churchill hits off very neatly the state of the lower deck and its feeling: if not authentic, as I understand the episode to be, it is exceedingly *ben trovato*.

The First Lord, to the great glee of the lower deck, has a habit of going straight to the men, with a disregard of ceremonial and official receptions very scandalous to the old school of officer. Aboard one of the ships he fell in with a stoker, asked him how long he had been in the Service, and was duly informed. Said Mr. Churchill, "D'you like your job?"

"I can't say I do, sir," replied the stoker.

"Well, what's wrong with it?" asked Mr. Churchill.

"What's wrong with it?" repeated the stoker looking very frankly into his face. "Well, what's right with it?"

And Mr. Churchill was nonplussed. For once he had no answer ready. The wrongs so far outweigh the rights.

Success in warfare—the object of a Fleet at all—depends even more on men than on ships; it depends, indeed, on a very delicately poised adjustment of men to ships and rank to rank; on training with willingness, on fighting with a will, on the spirit of the fine old seafaring cry, "Altogether, boys!" It is not too much to say that, while building ship after ship, the Admiralty, in order to save less than the cost of a *Dreadnought* yearly, has economised and false-disciplined the men into a state of short-handedness and discontent equivalent to several ships. Its policy, in effect, except in so far as getting money out of the public goes, has been penny wise, pound foolish—ship wise, men foolish.

It is the observable fact, entirely in accordance with the relations outlined above, between the public, the Admiralty, the Fleet, and the men, that the lower deck never has obtained substantial concessions unless the public has first been roused to bring pressure on the Admiralty. And the lower deck is forbidden to appeal direct to the public, through the Press or otherwise, though the regulations have been considerably evaded of late. Nor does the public exactly relish hearing about lower-deck grievances.

It likes to believe that all's well in the best of possible navies—"the men splendid"—or else, if it gets wind of some "incident" or *émeute*, that the men concerned were bad, wicked fellows—drunk, of course—to be duly punished according to the excellent and sufficient regulations. That the men are neither fighting saints nor drunken devils, but simply sailormen with more than ample grounds for discontent, has been forced against heavy odds on public attention.

During the last few weeks, of course, there has been plenty in the Press about lower-deck grievances. Public enlightenment has been both tardy and swift; the process highly instructive. Although Lionel Yexley, an ex-bluejacket, in his lower-deck journal, *The Fleet*, and in his books, has for years been presenting the men's case with conspicuous ability, and although the *Naval Magna Charta: a Loyal Appeal from the Lower Deck*, has been issued annually by the men for half-a-dozen years, an article on *Navy Discontents*, which (having narrowly escaped suppression at the instance of a high personage) appeared in this REVIEW so late as last October, was almost the first to drag the subject into the public, as opposed to the Service, Press. (An outspoken article in the *Morning Post* constituted an honourable exception.) But whilst the article was pretty widely read and was quite good journalistic "copy", it went curiously unnoticed by the London political daily Press, and when, during the month following, it was reprinted in a book very widely and kindly reviewed, still, for the most part, it was strangely ignored by the Press, though several provincial papers did go so far as to remark, in effect, "Startling—if true." Evidently, at that time, less than a year ago, lower-deck discontent was a cake too hot to hold, or, anyhow, to do more than nibble at. On November 21st, 1911, the First Lord "deprecated," and on June 5th, 1912, Dr. Macnamara, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, likewise "deprecated" the use of the word *discontent* in connection with the men in the Fleet, "than whom the country has no more loyal and faithful servants, . . ." etc., etc., as heard before, especially when there was no real intention of doing anything. No longer ago than July 28th, 1912, *The Observer*, in a three-column article of the old "ironmongery" type, advocating

a Navy Law, a naval loan, and ships, always ships, said not a word about the men, let alone their discontent.

Like Dr. Macnamara, however, it was already behind the times. After Mr. Churchill went to the Admiralty it was as if a signal had gone up that the lower deck and its grievances formed a permissible subject for discussion. At first the references to it both in Parliament and in the Press were decidedly timid. In the great things which were to be done, it was to be hoped the lower deck would not be forgotten; which is about the same thing as saying: "If you are all ready to travel by train, it is to be hoped you won't forget to take yourself." The naval writer of a Sunday newspaper, much read by working people, turned a complete somersault. Nothing, according to him, had been the matter on the lower deck, except with the malcontents, till suddenly he discovered that he had been voicing lower-deck grievances all along. The *Western Morning News*, which ranks as semi-official on naval matters, adopts, usually, the official tone, and had been inclined to attribute pay grievances to an untoward habit, among petty officers, of getting married, astonished and amused its lower-deck readers, on the day after the Parliamentary Review, by saying:—

> That the lower deck is seething with discontent was brought painfully before Members of Parliament who visited the Fleet at Spithead yesterday. Last month in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill, who has recently shown that he is not without sympathy for the Navy [which might, indeed, be expected in a First Lord of the Admiralty], "fully associated" himself with the statement of his predecessor in office, Mr. McKenna, that the petty officers and men were not discontented. [The *W.M.N.'s* London Correspondent went adrift there; it was Dr. Macnamara who "fully associated" himself.] He could not have reaffirmed this had he been able to listen to the indignant and bitter protests of the men yesterday. The fluency and indignation with which the discontented reeled off their many grievances—the inadequate pay, the rating anomalies, the series of penalties for trivial lapses, and the slowness of promotion—showed that the men not only feel that their lot is not what it should be, but that they are accustomed to give expression to their discontent on the lower deck. The open sympathy with which the protests were received by the cluster of men, as one after another stepped forward and poured their grievances into the ears of Members, left no doubt that in the interests of the Navy these complaints should be promptly inquired into. Their rate of pay is certainly inadequate, and the deductions for victuals and kit reduce this considerably. As a larger number of men are urgently required for the Navy, it is necessary that the serious discontent that prevails among men of the lower deck should be taken into consideration.

That, from a newspaper which hitherto had earned the reputation of "going against the men"!—But practically

every newspaper of any standing has by now joined in the hunt.

In his statement of July 22nd, 1912, on the Supplementary Estimate, Mr. Churchill admitted both explicitly and implicitly that the whole problem of lower-deck service needs tackling energetically and at once. It has also been since admitted, in the main implicitly, that there is a shortage of men, and that recruiting is not so easy as it was. On August 6th new regulations were announced, designed to facilitate promotion to commissioned rank, and on August 12th the Admiralty announced that until further notice seamen and stokers of very good character and superior ability will be allowed to re-engage for a further term of five years' service after completing time for long-service pension if recommended by their commanding officer. "Will be allowed to re-engage. . . ." That is to say, are wanted to re-engage. During the last mobilisation seamen and stoker reserve-men were offered £10, a free kit, and the pay of their continuous service rating, to take on for another three years, and the response was remarkably bad, in some ships not a man. As well offer a child a ha'penny to come and have its ears boxed. The truth is, that the Navy has brought itself into ill-odour among the people from whom the pick of the lower deck is recruited; good men are going out of the Service as quickly as they can; recruiting is falling off, and would have fallen off still more did it not mostly operate among boys not old enough to know their own minds. Therefore, at last, something is to be done, very largely because, perforce, it has to be done.

Much depends on the manner in which it is done. Pence, given willingly, are more encouraging than three-penny-bits dealt grudgingly. Working people, taking them as a whole, are niggardly in earning, and have a keen eye to the ha'pence; but they are free in spending, and, above all, in giving; and the lower deck is peculiarly responsive to generosity of treatment, even should it cost less on the whole than justice.

Unfortunately, the administration of lower-deck affairs by the Admiralty has been characterised, as might have been expected, precisely by niggardliness and grudgingness. The lower-deck saying that the Admiralty takes

more out of one pocket than it puts into the other is founded, not on grumbling, but on fact and lower-deck experience. Admiralty juggling with pay and promotion, inducement and reward, would appear skilful to admiration, had it been exercised in a better cause. It is so clever that one cannot help wondering how, in Whitehall, they find time to work out anything else. Imagine the financial adroitness which is necessary to raise a rating's maximum rate of pay under such conditions that fewer men attain to either maximum, the new or the old, and the total pay of the rating falls. Frequently the Admiralty has economised by raising the maximum rate of pay to the detriment of the average man, and what the lower deck thinks it had best be left to say. Its average remarks are not printable.

Roughly speaking, lower-deck grievances are summed up in pay and promotion, discipline and general treatment, and of these counts pay is the foremost and most inclusive, for men will put up with a great deal provided they are paid for the same.

Naval pay is a subject of almost inconceivable complications. It runs differently in the different branches, and it is reckoned in pence and ha'pence a day for a man's substantive and for his non-substantive rating—for his rank, that is, and for his special function : gunlayer, torpedoman, or what-not—and for his good conduct and the rest. The Admiralty policy has been to retain a low basic rate of pay, and above that to pay men bit by bit, ha'penny by ha'penny, for what they earn extra and for their specialist qualifications. Theoretically, it is not a bad idea—nothing earn, nothing have—but, pushed to an extreme, it possesses the disadvantage of keeping men too continually on the stretch, and it tells heavily against those men—very numerous on the lower deck—who know their work in practice but are bad hands at tests and examinations.

How the Admiralty increases its demands on the men without increasing their pay and privileges would require a special article to itself, and in most cases a fairly close familiarity with naval conditions to understand where the shoe pinches. The case of the naval writers is perhaps as clear as any. They were introduced into the Navy as "copyists" in 1867, before the days of typewriters, and having small responsibility their pay was fixed accordingly.

Since then their duties have been extended to include clerical and secretarial work of a much more responsible nature, and their number has risen between 1871 and 1912 from sixty to 839. The work in connection with the National Insurance Act is the latest addition to their duties and responsibilities—without extra hands or extra pay. (No wonder a reservist was able to tell Mr. Churchill that, when he presented his Insurance card to the paymaster, he was told to go to hell and take the Insurance Act with him!) Nevertheless, their average pay in the forty-five years has risen only just over a shilling a week, and their promotion to the higher ratings has been actually retarded. They complain, too, of having to work in unhealthy ships' offices. Dr. Macnamara stated, June 5th, 1912, that the tuberculosis ratio per thousand of naval writers was 2·54 in 1909 and 3·84 in 1910. Either his figures were incomplete, or else tuberculosis has enormously increased lately among the writers. In three months, this year, three were invalided out of Chatham Hospital from that cause; which represents a ratio *per annum* of 14·3 per thousand from the one hospital alone, to say nothing of the other naval hospitals.

No doubt it is well that the Admiralty should look after pence as well as pounds; and no doubt, also, it has become very expert in doing so; for naval administration, from the very nature of it, is one long fight against corruption. There is no reason, however, for care to degenerate into parsimony, as in the very typical instance of the naval steamboats which ply in harbour. This year the crews have been made to pay for the candles they use on duty. They cannot get new candles issued unless they scrape up and take back the grease of the old ones, and so are as good as forced to buy them at their own expense. Such measures may appear smart to the legal or official mind. To the lower-deck mind they seem contemptible.

Lower-deck promotion, which is intimately entangled with pay, would likewise require an article to itself for treatment in any detail. Stagnation in promotion among the lower-deck ratings needs removing; and probably, if many more men are added to the Navy, a certain amount of improvement will follow of itself. It is most discouraging for men to have to wait for a higher rating some-

times for years after they have qualified. It does harm within the Service and harm without the Service, among the people from whom the men are recruited.

Promotion from the lower deck to commissioned rank presents another set of complexities, and the Admiralty does not yet seem to have grasped the lower deck point of view. A week or two ago, in a naval port, I tried to persuade some of my younger and abler petty officer acquaintances to start climbing what has been called the "new ladder to the quarter-deck"; for, after all, one does like to see them rise. "What!" they said. "The Admiralty grants a uniform allowance of £25 on promotion to acting warrant, and, all things included, uniform and the rest, 'twould cost a fellow £50. Where's the extra to come from? Out of our pay, with wife and kids to keep? Besides, 'twould mean staying on in the Navy, and here's off out as soon as I can!" Lower-deck commissions, doled out grudgingly, are not likely to prove a success. Social difficulties, and difficulties of education and command can, without doubt, be overcome, but another important point appears to have been overlooked. The best of young officers are keen on their work; they "talk shop"; there is something in front of them. If men are to be promoted from the lower deck only to the petty routine work of the lower commissioned ranks, with practically nothing further in front of them before retirement, nothing further to be keen on, such promotion is almost sure to be a failure—and the lower deck will be blamed. Any man worth his salt needs some further advancement to work for during all his active service, and failing that, the best men are apt to go to bits quickest or to fossilise.

The question of naval discipline is more or less *sub judice*; that is to say, the subject has been investigated by an Admiralty Committee under the chairmanship of Rear-Admiral Brock; the lower-deck witnesses were very closely and lengthily examined, and the Committee's Report is under consideration. The most childish punishment, known as 10 (*a*), is apparently to be abolished, petty officers are not to be disrated without court martial, and it seems likely that fines will be substituted for some of the punishments which practically break a man's career. At the same time, it is only patching and trimming. Naval discipline has two sides, namely, that which is necessary to get the

work done and which dates back to the days of the sea labourer, before steam and machinery; and that which is an intensification of social distinctions outside the Service —the sharper social distinctions of a hundred years ago, when the tradition and customs of the Royal Navy were mainly created. Here, again, a progressive and generous policy, steadily pursued through the difficulties which undoubtedly exist, will certainly prove most effective in the long run.

General treatment includes food and health conditions. The Fisher victualling reforms, though undoubtedly an improvement, have not yet worked themselves out to a complete success: all ratings still have mess bills to meet out of their pay. Fleet-Surgeon C. Marsh Beadnell, at the last Health Congress in Berlin, was inclined to think that the sailor's diet is too liberal, and it is a fact that too many of them do become too fat. But after several years' experience of working-class food, and some considerable study of dietetics, I should rather think that naval diet is too bulky in quantity and too coarse in quality for modern shipboard life, especially for petty officers who have ceased to do heavy manual labour.

As regards other health conditions, the statements of a couple of M.P.'s should suffice to show how defective they are. Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, speaking at Devonport, July 27th, 1912, said:—

> They would never get the men they wanted until they paid them properly and made them comfortable. The men of the Navy were at present underpaid and most uncomfortable. During a visit to the *Lion*, he was amazed at the quarters given to the bluejackets and petty officers. There was not room for the men to live in, much less to sleep in. Hammocks were slung quite close together; some of the men slept on the floor, and some on the tables; while the messing arrangements were so bad that it was impossible for all the men to be fed at the same time.

Mr. Bertram Falle wrote still more forcibly to the *Daily Mail* of August 7th, 1912:—

> And again—some of those M.P.'s who recently visited Spithead at their country's expense and saw the Fleet and the *poussière navale* thereof, saw the sleeping quarters provided for Jack.
>
> What did they see? Dens! Disease-breeding dens, phthisis-distributing tanks.
>
> We send strong, healthy men to sea, to sleep in these cells, and when disease claims them we fling them out—to die. . . .
>
> We refuse to keep him healthy when he is healthy, though in the service and in his ship he should have a home compared to which any land sanatorium should be but a dusty prison; and when we have inoculated him with the poison of the "white plague," we throw him out to a lingering death, fling him out to become a source of infection to those who love him, and for whom he would gladly give his life.

It is no exaggeration. Fleet-Surgeon Beadnell stated at Berlin that whereas a healthy person on shore is estimated to require 800 cubic feet of air, a soldier in barracks is allowed 600 feet, a pauper 300 feet, and a training-ship boy 290 feet, the allowance for a man in a modern *Dreadnought* is sometimes no more than 86 feet. As a young seaman in one of the *Dreadnoughts* expressed it to me: "You can't turn in in your hammock without disturbing the men each side of you, and when they cough—and there's any amount of coughing aboard ship—the spit comes right into your face. The old ships were a king to these new ones."

Tuberculosis is well known to be increasing in the Navy. No other can be expected. Plainest of all is the false economy of taking the pick of our population to infect them with disease; teaching them hygiene, as they are taught it in the Navy, and expecting them to remain satisfied under such conditions. It would be farcical, were it not so serious, so inefficient, so wicked.

I am well aware that within the limits of this article I have only been able to trace very sketchily the evil results of the competition, Ships *versus* Men. But I have, I trust, indicated some of the general considerations and underlying tendencies which are too commonly overlooked. It is useless—worse than useless—to build more extra ships unless and until the state of things on the lower deck is remedied. It is futile to deal with the lower deck in a grudging, niggling spirit. Not merely are many reforms due; many reforms are overdue. The Admiralty has leeway to make up. The occasion is one for generosity as well as justice.

As the nation's steward in the management of the Navy, the Admiralty can, and should, be just, but it must not of its own initiative be generous with what is not its own. (Not much fear of it.) The nation, however, can cause it to be generous with the nation's own, and rest assured that its action will neither be misplaced, nor, in the long run, a loss to it. If the present is a time for building ships, it is not the time for using them as spectacular play-toys, and for forgetting the men through whom only the ships can be of any avail.

Subjoined is the *Loyal Appeal* for 1912. Its moderation of tone and demand is particularly noteworthy. Some remarks, explanatory and otherwise, have been added in notes :—

"NAVAL MAGNA CHARTA" FOR 1912.

A Loyal Appeal from the Lower Deck.

SIR,

Your attention is respectfully drawn to the following disadvantages under which Petty Officers and Men of the Royal Navy still labour.

These items are set forth in a loyal spirit, by selected representatives of all classes of the Lower Deck, with the earnest hope that you will continue to use your influence to have them placed before, and carefully considered by, My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and Treasury, with a view to their being, if possible, remedied.

This opportunity is taken, also, to express grateful appreciation of the several concessions already made, resulting in greatly improved and happier conditions of service to the men of H.M. Fleet.*

Special attention is drawn to those subjects bearing italicised headlines.†

Direct Representation to the Admiralty.

1.—That the Lower Deck be granted the privilege of forwarding petitions, through Commanding Officers and thence through Commanders-in-Chief, to the Admiralty, at stated periods, in a similar manner to the concessions enjoyed by men of H.M. Dockyards. This privilege would allow Naval matters of general interest—such as the following—to be correctly explained by them in a disciplined and loyal manner, with mutual good results to the Royal Navy.

Increased Pay, Promotion, and Pay for Good Conduct.

2.—That a 20% increase of wages be granted to all Lower Deck Ratings, having in view the increased cost of living and the increasing difficulties that Lower Deck Ratings find to meet their liabilities.

2a.—That a system of continuous progressive pay be introduced for all ratings, as an incentive to zeal and good conduct, and to insure a possibility of maximum rates of pay being reached before completing time for pension.‡

2b.—That, where practicable, Chief Petty Officers' Rating, and Warrant and Commissioned rank, be extended to all ratings on Lower Deck in proportionate numbers.

2c.—That all Lower Deck Ratings be granted Good Conduct Badges and paid for same.

Pensions.

3.—That the foundation of a man's standard pension, at present limited to 10*d.* per day, be based on a scale of ½*d.* a day for each year of man's service, observing that although the period of service to obtain a pension has been increased from 20 to 22 years, no corresponding increase of pension has been granted for the additional time required to be served. Also that Non-continuous Service Men may receive, in addition to the standard rate, the pension of the substantive rating held by them.§

* Mainly soft-soap, this.

† Red headlines in the original.

‡ In order also to counterbalance slowness of promotion.

§ The 10*d.* a day was based on the scale of ½*d.* a day for each year of service, but when the 20 years' service was extended to 22 years, the pension was not extended correspondingly, and many of the men did not know it till their time came to retire on pension.

3a.—That Leading Seamen shall be allowed the addition of one farthing a day towards their pension for each year's service in that rating from date of being rated instead of "after 3 years' service as such."

Good Conduct Gratuity to C.P.O.'s.

3b.—That all Chief Petty Officers be again granted a Good Conduct Gratuity of £20, as was formerly the case, instead of £15 as now authorised, and that Non-continuous Service Men receive the gratuity of their relative ratings.*

Pensions to Widows, Children, &c.

3c.—That Pensions be granted to Widows, Children, or dependent relatives of deceased Petty Officers, Seamen, and Marines, in proportion, according to their rating and length of service. Such Pension to be granted whether they are serving or pensioned at the time of death.

Profits on Provisions.

3d.—That all articles sold by Civilian Contractors in ships and Naval Establishments be supplied direct through official Naval sources, similar to those sold under Vote 2; and that the profits accruing from both sources be controlled by the Admiralty, and applied as a fund for Widows, Orphans, or other dependent relatives of Naval Men.

Long and Meritorious Service Medal.

3e.—That a Long and Meritorious Service Medal be authorised for the Royal Navy, carrying with it annuities in a similar manner to that awarded to the Royal Marines, vide Article 1911 of the King's Regulations.

Disrating only after Trial by Court Martial.

4.—Whilst fully appreciating the concessions contained in Circular Letter No. 15 of 5th April, 1910, the men ask that, prior to disrating, they shall be tried by a Service Court Martial, and they submit that, for offences of a technical nature, one or more Officers with a knowledge of the duties of the Petty Officer or Non-Commissioned Officer being tried, shall be a member of the Court.

The great injustice of summarily disrating Petty Officers, Leading Rates, and Non-Commissioned Officers with its attendant grave consequences, such as reduction of Pension, ineligibility for promotion to Warrant Rank, loss of Good Conduct Medal, Badges, Gratuities, &c., is well known and universally admitted, and in view of the fact that the cost would be very little—other than the small official fee now paid—no just reason is seen for withholding this simple reform.†

4a.—That in the event of a Petty Officer being disrated, all his Petty Officer's time shall be secured to him for Pension should he not regain his former rating prior to being pensioned.

Tuberculosis Sanatoria.

5.—That Sanatoria for the treatment of Tuberculosis contracted by Naval Men be provided and maintained by the Admiralty.

Hospital Stoppages.

6.—That all Lower Deck Ratings sent to Hospital, except when sent

* Whereas men going out on pension used to be allowed a month on full pay to find work, they are now allowed only a fortnight.

† Apparently this is to come as a result of the Brock Committee. It does not, however, seem to be unanimously favoured by petty officers, some of whom would rather take their chances of being disrated for insufficient cause than have their lapses made the subject of so serious and irrevocable an affair as a court martial. On the other hand, it must inevitably result in a definition and codification of the offences for which a petty officer may be disrated.

there through their own misconduct, be given free treatment without loss of pay (after being sick in a Home Hospital for 30 days, men are stopped a portion of their pay—except when injured on duty—varying according to their status. After a further period of 61 days, their pay ceases altogether).*

Assessment of Abilities.

7.—That the new method of assessing men's abilities in accordance with Admiralty Circular Letter No. 14, N12,331/10, of 12th May, 1911, be discontinued, and the old method be reverted to, as it is viewed with disfavour by all Lower Deck Ratings. The just application of the instructions contained in the above quoted letter is believed to be impracticable, and would, in any case, act prejudicially against men seeking employment in civil life on leaving the Service, owing to the apparent, but unreal, fluctuations in a man's recorded ability as he progressed through the various grades of promotion.

Free Kit.

8.—That a gratuitous issue of Uniform Clothing be supplied and maintained for all Naval Ratings, in order that the Senior Service may be placed on an equality in this respect with the other public services of the State.†

Distinctive Uniform for Petty Officers.

8a.—That a distinctive and general pattern Uniform be supplied to all Petty Officers and Artisan Ratings similar to that worn by Class 3.

ITEMS WHICH WILL NOT INVOLVE A GREAT INCREASE IN NAVAL ESTIMATES.

Civil Power Convictions.

9.—At present, a man convicted on shore for a Civil Offence, on his returning to his ship is often again punished by the Service for the same offence. This is considered a great injustice.

Plain Clothes.

10.—That the wearing of plain clothes by Naval men while on leave be permitted by the Admiralty.‡

Mess Attendants.

11.—That Mess Attendants be provided for Chief and Petty Officers by scale, under the definite authority of the King's Regulations, as is now allowed for Engine-room Artificers.

* The Lower Deck ought to have known better than to insert here the misconduct clause as a concession to Mrs. Grundy. What disease from misconduct means is plain enough, and ninety out of a hundred men who knock about the world run at some time or another the risk of getting it. In effect, the Lower Deck is asking here that a man should be penalised for ill-luck—which is stupid. It is in the interests of the Navy and the nation that sufferers from misconduct diseases, instead of being penalised by exceptional stoppages, or by being compelled to wear tell-tale white jumpers in hospital and the hospital grounds, should be induced to declare themselves, and to be cured as soon as possible. At present, in the Navy, there is far too much surreptitious treatment and neglect of these diseases.

† Having to pay for his own kit is one of the grievances about which the Naval man complains most bitterly.

‡ Plain clothes is winked at, as a rule, though at any time a man may be jumped on for wearing it.

Inadequate Accommodation.

11a.—That the attention of the Authorities responsible for designing his Majesty's ships be earnestly directed to the inadequate Messing and Sleeping Accommodation provided for Lower Deck Ratings.

Petty Officers in Hospital.

11b.—That, where possible, separate Wards and Messing Accommodation be provided for Chief and Petty Officers in Naval Hospitals, and that they be relieved of menial work.*

Freedom of Purchase.

12.—That whilst the present system of Victualling continues, Messes placed on the 9½*d.* scale be allowed freedom of action as to where they purchase their provisions, other than those obtained through official sources; observing that compulsory purchase through the Canteen is viewed with intense disfavour, as the latter is not always the cheapest and best market.†

Improved Issue and Store Rooms, and Cooking Facilities.

12a.—That the present Issuing Rooms are too small and inadequately fitted. Better storage accommodation is required in the latest design of ships, to comply with, and make successful, the present condition of victualling; it is also submitted that the issuing and cooking staffs at present allowed are totally insufficient to meet requirements, in view of the fact that they are constantly called away from their duties for evolutions, &c.

13.—That all Chief and Petty Officers' Messes throughout the Service be allowed the option of receiving the 9½*d.* victualling scale.

Short or Special Service.

14.—After an adverse experience of eight years, it is respectfully impressed on the Authorities that the entry of men for "Special" Service is a distinct weakness to the ships in which they serve and the public service in general.

Employment of ex-Naval Men.

15.—To facilitate and enable ex-Naval men to procure employment, the Admiralty are asked to exert their influence to induce other Government Departments, and Contractors with Naval establishments, to give favourable consideration to the employment of these men.

16.—That the Royal Fleet Reserve be open to all Ratings.

17.—That a Petty Officer or man be not deprived of his non-substantive ratings for alleged incompetency until after examination by a qualified Board of Officers, similar to that constituted for passing him for his particular rating.‡

November, 1911.

* I don't know what work there is in hospitals except of a menial nature, and I can't help thinking that a bit of labour would do many petty officers good—act as part of their cure—seeing how apt they are to suffer from their too sudden transition from manual work to a position full of worry.

† Very seldom "the cheapest and best market."

‡ That is to say, that he be deprived of his non-substantive rating only by a body equivalent to that which gave it to him.

Our Gentlemen's Schools*

By "Custos"

A FEW months ago I was dining with my friend Robinson, who, never having reaped the benefits of a public-school education himself, is anxious that his son should enjoy them.

"I want to give the boy a good start," he explained, "but I hardly know what to think. They seem so stupid. For eight weeks now I've been looking for a "prep." school; I've been to a dozen; you know, all those bracing little places on the south coast, but when I spoke to the masters about work they all looked bored and fidgety."

"Go on," I said. "Tell me about them."

"Well," he continued, "I went to one which was highly recommended, and I was received—taken in, as it were—by a tall, gaunt man, who smiled at me with a patronising air of ceremony.

"'Do you teach the boys anything practical?' I began, after a few casual remarks, 'carpentry, astronomy, physical science, botany?' and at the question the schoolmaster eyed me so gravely that I almost felt like a naughty boy.

"'Yes; they can knock boxes together, if they like,' he rejoined, in an off-hand manner; 'but we find they prefer cricket.'

"'Religion?' I queried. As you know I am not easily abashed.

"Again the schoolmaster looked serious, and again I felt suspect.

"'We like to leave that to their mothers,' he said. 'But, of course, they go to church on Sundays.'

"'But don't you teach them any applied science; nothing useful, then?'

"'Well,' returned the schoolmaster languidly, 'we keep a chap here who occasionally makes—er—er, nasty odours in the lab.'

"'Ah,' I said, 'stinks.'

* This criticism will be followed in October by an article by Mr. A. C. Benson.

"The schoolmaster smiled, evidently relieved at my knowledge of public-school jargon.

"'Quite so,' he returned; 'stinks.'

"'Do you give them any practical training in life?'

"'Well, no. But our usher is always present when they bathe, and he bowls to them several hours a day in the summer at the nets. He's a capital left-arm bowler, I can assure you.'

"'I suppose there is some individual care and teaching?' I said. 'You don't bring them all up on the same block, do you?'

"The schoolmaster now looked genuinely perturbed, and began to talk enthusiastically about football.

"'But I'm not concerned with their games,' I threw in. 'They get enough of that, I'm sure. What about the arts?'

"'You can't teach an English schoolboy art,' retorted the schoolmaster sternly.

"'I see; and what about music? You can teach that. My boy is very musical, for example.'

"The headmaster looked ruffled and studied the ceiling.

"'They learn a few hymns, I believe,' he said at length.

"'Well, you don't seem to teach them much,' I retorted, whereupon the important man rose hastily.

"'Perhaps you would like to see my wife,' he said, and he hurriedly left the room.

"And do you know," Robinson continued, "I've seen some dozen of these men and their wives, and they all seem alike. They all seem to resent parental inquiry and concern. They all seemed amused and a little hurt at my solicitude for my son's welfare. Whenever I spoke to them about work or tried to get some coherent idea of the curriculum, they looked bored, fatuous, ill-at-ease. The one subject which appeared to rouse them was sport, anything to do with a ball. One of these wives summed up the situation tartly:

"'Well, Mr. Robinson,' she said. 'A school's a school, and we've never had any complaints.'

"What am I to do?" Robinson said after a pause. "These people seem to me half-alive. Anything like an idea or originality terrifies them. And yet I suppose it's all

right. Thousands of boys are turned out every year by this machine. Do you know, I think, after all, I shall send my boy into the Navy."

Robinson's predicament seems to me typical. These "prep." schools are the nurseries of our larger public-school education, leading up to it; an integral part of the system which we love to sum up and dismiss with the old tag about Eton's playing fields. Now, of course, Wellington was not thinking about cricket when he made that remark. In those days the playing fields were also the "milling" grounds, where two boys who had a difference stood up in a ring and fought, fairly and squarely, to a finish. But boys at public schools don't fight now. A stand-up fight is unknown to-day. Were two boys to have it out on the old Harrow "miller," for example, they would probably be "sent up" for punishment to the headmaster. Question any public school boy you will as to whether he has ever seen a regular old-fashioned fight, and he will smile derisively. Instead of fighting, the modern boys "rag." Fisticuffs is not an accomplishment of young Peter Pan.

I was glad to see the *Daily Mail* giving publicity to this public schools' question, which seems to me to cut at the rock-bottom of our modern gentlemen's inefficiency. Mr. Cosmo Hamilton said some most true and excellent things about it, pointing out the silly "swank" cultivated at our public schools, the ludicrous stickling for what is called "good form," the class swagger, which together seem to unfit boys years after they leave school for work and even for occupation.

Let me put forward my own case. When I went to a public school I could write Latin verses; I was unusually interested in history; I loved reading; and having been brought up a good deal in France I spoke French fluently and with scarcely any accent at all. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately (I was not a strong boy) for me, I was something of a bowler. My first week there I twice bowled out our house captain at the nets. I was taken up in that line. At the end of a month I ceased to care for work, and, as a fact, during the three and a half years I was there I don't believe I ever seriously tried to learn anything, and certainly was never made to.

No master ever discovered that at twelve I could write

Latin hexameters and pentameters. History was taught in the most perfunctory fashion, being merely a table of kings, battles, and a few dates. As the boys gibed at my knowledge of French, I soon learnt deliberately to talk badly and eventually to forget, so that when I left I knew positively less French than when I entered the school. I can say truthfully that the only education I received during my three years and a half sojourn at one of our largest and most expensive public schools was self-taught: I read books; I got to know a boy in the sixth, much older than myself, with whom I discussed life, philosophy, history, all kinds of things, and under his guidance I read Schopenhauer, Byron, and the English poets, Buckle, Macaulay, Burton on Melancholy, Shakespeare, and a great many novels; moreover, the only prizes I obtained were all—and I got four—the result of what we called "holiday swat"—reading, that is, during the vacations, and that simply because at home my father took some personal interest in my attention to the subject and saw to it that I did not entirely waste my time.

I left school, the superannuated cricketer type, a feckless, ignorant, swaggering youth, and I was put into a relation's office in the city. There was a career there, but I could not work; my one idea was to be off in a top-hat and patent-leather boots. Figures bored me unutterably. In the office men said "another gentleman rotter"—I thought them old "putrid asses"; and the result was that at the end of two years I was taken away. Luckily, I got into a scrape. My parents sent me abroad to a German university, and there I fell almost at once into a congenial atmosphere. I found men who worked, who talked, who thought, who sought originality. I recovered my own self which had been crushed at the public school. When I returned I had a Kaiser moustache, it is true, and the suspicion of a paunch, but I knew I could face the world. Whatever success I have achieved since then I owe to my life in Germany, where I acquired the zest for knowledge and work, that sense of joy and confidence in the ego that characterises the man who comes down to our offices in London from the North.

I remember some years ago meeting one of our greatest heroes, captain of the "phil.," a double colour, a very god

of gods in my day at school, and finding him merely a bank clerk at £400 a year. "It's hell," he told me, one evening as we walked home; "but unless I marry a rich girl I suppose I shall have to stick to it."

Poor chap! He was a king at school. Now he is a mere hack, doing work that any accountant's clerk could do just as well with no Latin education at all.

Now these disappointed lives may be found all over London, with the derelicts and pure wasters who have a sufficiency of their own, and the remittance men that go to the Colonies. All over Africa and South America they are, fine fellows too, but for some strange reason unable to work or to come to grips with life. A friend of mine joined the Canadian Police. Quite half a dozen men I knew at school are ranchers. I know whole families all of whose sons have been through the mill of "prep.," public school, and 'varsity, who are doing literally nothing; living on their fathers, well-dressed, gentlemanly wasters, all walking, talking, and thinking in the same way and spirit. Some of them have tried for a year or so to get a job: gone out to the Colonies, drifted into journalism, tried their luck in the city, and—come out again; fine, strapping fellows too, yet it is no good, something seems to have gone snap: they cannot settle down to anything

We have all heard the sensible sister say to "Jack" or "Charles," "You really must get some job, you know. Father says he has lost another three thousand in oil." But for all answer Jack or Charles throws up his handsome head and fumbles with his sock-suspenders. In almost every country house you may overhear the anxious mother entreating her son or sons to "really do something." Almost every family seems to harbour one apparently incapable son who has enjoyed the benefits of public-school and 'varsity education. Fleet Street sees them by the score, and they disappear as rapidly as they come. And these men are mostly charming fellows, who could and should be earning well of the State. Yet they are useless and feel themselves to be useless, they who a few years back were a credit to their respective schools and hobnobbed with the footer "beaks."

Life is, of course, harder to-day. Competition is growing increasingly severe. The "snaps" of former times are

getting fewer and fewer. Yet that cannot be put forward as the explanation. The characteristic of our day is the presence of the self-made man, the achievements of those who are not the issue of our schools and 'varsities. In the world of letters and journalism this is notably so. A generation or so ago the leaders of thought and literature were men of the schools—Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Pater, Oscar Wilde, Matthew Arnold, Jowett, Leslie Stephen, Morley, Manning, Frederic Harrison, Newman; to-day they are Bernard Shaw, Wells, Arnold Bennett, Masefield, Conrad, the Press, &c. In all the professions the prominence of non-public school men is noticeable. With the coming of democracy our gentlemen seem to fail. Even in politics, which has hitherto been the reserve ground for our families, they are falling rapidly into the shade. Mr. Lloyd George is the central political figure in England to-day, and against him there stand Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. F. E. Smith.

Why is it? Is our public-school system in any way to blame? Most certainly I think it is.

As a system it is antiquated in its class method of education and training. It is the fact that preference is always given to masters who were blues, who are athletic, not therefore men who, it might be presumed, are by nature or training good teachers or educationists. Many of these men go into the public schools with the best intentions—they find the system altogether too strong for them. The classes are too big, so large that individual teaching is an impossibility. It is obviously impossible to give any individual care to a class of from thirty to forty boys. The rules are traditional, inexorable. All these schools are run on mass principles: large houses, largely controlled by the boys; large classes; a curriculum which never changes; hours fixed, games fixed, method fixed, the ground plan being to get through the daily work, to encourage the school *esprit de corps* and etiquette, and to leave the boys to manage themselves on the old approved and conventional lines.

And this school *esprit de corps* permeates and controls the whole structure. Masters fall victims to it in their first term. If they rebel, they are politely told they are not wanted. As a fag, the boy is soaked with the school tradi-

tions. It becomes his philosophy of life. As he grows and rises himself, he, too, becomes its jealous and admiring conservator. So the system endures, and it is the most conservative, wooden, and antiquated business concern in the country. Woe betide the small artistic boy who enters into this system! Blessed is he who is a bit of an athlete! It being the rule to let the houses run themselves, the masters know extraordinarily little about what goes on inside them; whether the prefects or head boys are bullies or grossly immoral, whether this boy is bullied or not, or this little son of an artist is learning anything; in short, what tone exists in the house, until some grave scandal—and these scandals happen all the time—breaks out and one or half a dozen boys are summarily expelled.

How wooden the system is may be seen by one example which I can vouch for. At our house we had plum pudding every Sunday for lunch, but because some hero ten years before I came had said it was "filthy," not a single boy ever ate or dared eat it. Regularly every Sunday the sixty boys in our house said "No thanks" to the butler, one slice only being solemnly consumed by the house master amid general silence and giggles. This comedy had gone on for ten years, and continued during all the years I was there; but the master never inquired why, never changed it, never even spoke about it. The great joke was when an old boy came down to lunch. He invariably had two helpings. You see, he was relieved of the house etiquette. Some of them said it was "bally good pudding, too." And this is the sort of thing that vitiates the whole public-school life.

As a fact, the master rather enjoyed the joke. He thought it characteristic. Years later, when I spoke to him about it, he said, "No, I never minded. You see, it showed a sense of discipline among the boys. It formed them."

In folly, yes; in nothing else. Yet this same master took away a copy he found me reading of *The Three Musketeers*, in French, too, and gave me twenty-five lines of Virgil as punishment. And it is just this fostering of a silly conservatism in the schools that renders the system so easy to the master, so harmful to the boys. It crushes originality. It encourages the boys to frame and maintain their own laws and conventions. It throws them on them-

selves. It enables any master, however little qualified to teach or bring up boys, to run a class or a house with a minimum of trouble and effort: to continue in the old wooden ways, stupidly and correctly, sapping whatever intelligence or initiative he may have possessed, and finally, blunting him into a mere disciplinarian tool of the system.

It has its merits, admittedly. There is a delightful spontaneity about English boys, a manliness that must stand them in good stead in the rough and tumble of life. But the evils of the system far outweigh the virtues. To begin with, the system is strictly a class conception, which in these democratic days is obviously wrong. The little Etonian is a walking imp of class priggishness and class arrogance. He learns there to look on the world with a damn-my-eye carelessness that literally unfits him to take off his coat in after-life. It is not an exaggeration to say that fully half of the boys who go to our public schools come away mental derelicts, incapable of concentration, their whole outlook focussed on their own personal pleasure and gratifications, looking at all serious things and at all men who work seriously with contempt. The parents, too, are largely to blame. With the advent of luxury, the modern public-school boy is a terribly spoilt and pampered little fellow, very different from the boy of Tom Brown's days. He may have better manners, dress better, be able to chat in a more cheeky way to his elders, but he has not the fibre, the grit of the lad of thirty years ago. Spoiled at home, he introduces his school ragging there. He goes to the 'varsity and rags. He goes into the Army and rags there too, with what disastrous results we all saw in the Boer War.

To the public-school boy life is a rag. That is the chief thing he learns at these places. And it is not that his conversation or point of view is brilliant, witty, original, or in the least interesting. Just the contrary. His ragging is of the most conventional, stereotyped kind, as dull and unintelligent as musical comedy. The evil of it is that it makes the boy narrow, class-bound, and lazy, and the moment he enters the hard road of life he discovers how little his attitude and equipment serve him. All the way, all the time, the Scot who has enjoyed a sensible education beats him; the chap from the Midlands climbs up over him;

the Welshman dances all round him. The gentleman alone is stuck fast, with his bowler well over his ears, and remains a gentleman.

I could name at this moment some half-dozen men, scholars, capable fellows, who, literally, seem unable to work. They have little spasms of concentration, and then away they go—to stay for weeks at country houses, to shoot, to hunt, to loaf, and yet they are all poor and always complaining of their lot, and are beaten all the time by inferior men who are industrious. They treat their life's work as if it were a "con." at school. "We'll get through somehow," is their constant thought. Method, system, attention to detail—such minor matters they despise. Get them a job, and they won't stick to it. "Can't," they will tell you. Yet to see these men at golf, or ragging at house parties, one would think they had the concentrative power of genius.

It will be agreed generally that it is not so much what boys learn at school that matters, but rather what kind of men their school education trains and fits them to be. I am not speaking at all about the actual book knowledge taught in our gentlemen's schools. Some boys unquestionably do very well, yet the fact is indisputable that the average Swiss and German, French or Scandinavian, is infinitely better educated than the average Englishman who has been through "prep.," Eton, and Cambridge. What I contend is that our system is old and rusty, and consequently evil. If the average boy leaves Eton or Harrow unable to work, there must be something seriously wrong with the system, which must reflect deleteriously upon the class that send their sons there. That is the real point. To be able to say, "I was at Eton or Harrow" is no longer an asset: in the Colonies, in many business houses, in Fleet Street, it is positively a disadvantage. It is a curious reflection that a boy who has had many hundreds of pounds spent on his education is actually less well received and started in life than the youngster who has been to a polytechnic or grammar school and attended extension lectures. Yet it is so, and it is so simply because experience has shown that these public schoolboys are morally unfitted for life.

I know a lady who took her son away from Eton because at the age of sixteen he wrote home such ungram-

matical letters that she rightly considered he was not getting the value of her money. He thought punctuation "blooming rot," but since he has been sent to Germany he has done remarkably well. Such cases are constant; they are everybody's knowledge. Yet tell this to one of our classical head masters, discuss it with the under-masters, and you will find what my friend Robinson found—boredom and indifference. The system leads to the conspiracy, the conspiracy is absolute: it is the fundamental curse of the matter.

We all know about this conspiracy which unites all public school men, from the little boy whose life is made a hell to the oldest club colonel who was once captain of his school. It is the conspiracy of silence, based, no doubt, on the public school code of honour of "not telling tales." Every mother finds this out the first term her little son goes to a school. Most fathers carefully refrain from asking questions. Masters never ask. The system is the thing. The thing is to bear it.

That is why it is so difficult to get anything altered. It is part of our English hypocrisy undoubtedly, but so far as our schools are concerned it is an absolute class taboo. It is unpopular to say anything against our schools. If a man writes to *The Times*, say, about Eton or some wrong at one of the schools, the old schoolmen and boys in the clubs are up in arms. Take the one question of what one may call here morality, which is a serious matter, as any doctor will admit. Nothing is done, nothing is ever attempted, because of the conspiracy which enjoins silence. Yet every public schoolman is aware of this great evil among boys, which has ruined many a lad's life. Mothers, women generally, appear to know nothing about it. Men purposely do not discuss the subject. Nor am I going to say more about it except this, that it is obviously a highly dangerous thing to herd together boys of from twelve to eighteen years of age, studiously kept from all feminine influence or atmosphere, and that it is often a serious temptation to the masters themselves. It has been said that a head master recently ordered all shops in the town to get rid of shop-girls. If so, it is only another proof of the stupidity of the pedagogic mind. Sex is extremely potent in youth. It is mere cant to pretend it does not exist. The

truth about this matter would astound the public. Here is a side of public-school life the eugenists should make it a duty to investigate and reform.

It is easy to denigrate and find fault; the question is what reforms are necessary and even imperative. And the first thing I would reform is the quality of the teachers. Here is a story, illustrative of the point, which happened the other day.

A curate scholar from Oxford came down to examine a well-known girls' school in London, and "floored" them utterly. One of the questions he put on the paper was: "Describe the actual position of the English troops at the battle of Blenheim"! Imagine asking girls such a question! How many men in our War Office could answer it? And what conceivable value has such an examination piece of pedantry to girls? At the end the curate shook his head. "Don't know much," he remarked to a colleague. "It's a good thing, perhaps, some of the girls are good-looking."

One of the first reforms is this matter of the masters. It is time that more should be expected from the masters than a healthy aptitude for games. And the reform, beginning with the "preps.," should cut right through the public schools. It is time to end the preferential treatment of the cloth, with its wooden, feudal outlook. In these democratic days, what is wanted is initiative, adaptability, courage, world common sense, not the tutorial pedantry of sacerdotalism.

All classes should be cut in half. No class should contain more than a dozen boys. That would ensure at once proper supervision and interest. The boys would not be able to go up to school day after day never having prepared a lesson. The master would get to know something personal about the boys in his charge. He might in such conditions even take an individual interest in those who were unusual or showed promise—which in present conditions he cannot do. Almost at once a new spirit would come into the classes. With the abolition of the mass principle, teaching would become intelligent, personal, and real.

Then the masters, no longer being chosen for their football, cricket, racquet, skating, or other athletic powers,

should have more liberties, instead of being cabined in the school area as they are. A collection of "beaks," who taught that work was a higher thing in life than games, would exercise a revolutionary influence upon a school. If, instead of a master bowling at a difficult boy religiously for an hour at the nets, he would study the lad and try to discover what aptitudes the boy has got, some definite and wholesome influence might be obtained. Instead of a dull, *journalier* class existence, the masters would find teaching a rational if not interesting vocation. Things would be "bucked up" all round. Class life would not be the routine drudgery it is to-day.

But the main and most urgent reform is the democratisation of these nurseries of class arrogance and futility —democratisation, first, of the spirit animating the conduct of the school; secondly, of the spirit of class "swank" so demoralising to the boys. This, of course, can only be effected by a radical purging of the entire system. It should begin with the fee current at these places, which in these times of the plutocracy and the self-made man has lost its original point, which was to guarantee the exclusiveness of the aristocratic and primogeniture set. The fact must be faced that these schools are no longer the reserve of the aristocracy and the families. Any man who has the money can send his son to a public school now. What, in reality, has crept into them is the ease and vulgarity of the plutocratic spirit, and it is destroying their whole justification.

In the old sense of the word, there are no gentlemen to-day. That being so, and the modern world being now open to talent and industry, it is plainly anachronistic to keep up the atmosphere of old-time family conservatism. The truth is that the public school spirit has had its day. In bygone times they were hard training places of character and mind; they fashioned men. In their modern conditions of ease, plutocratic luxury, and emasculate laxity, they no longer turn out the men that England requires; they no longer educate the boys adequately or sensibly; rather they mould them into vapid, useless creatures who are neither men nor gentlemen, for no one will pretend that the modern school boy is very chivalrous or Elizabethan.

Some years ago I was staying with a French *pasteur*, who took in English "gentlemen's sons," and there were five of them, two from Eton, one from Harrow, a Clifton boy, and one, I think, from Rugby. They were all over eighteen, had left school, and had been sent there to "cram up" for exams. and "learn a little French." Three of these fellows were still studying Latin. One day, I remember, a young Swiss traveller happened to put up there for a week, and, to my surprise, he became a great favourite. "He does all our 'cons' at sight," they told me. He taught the Harrow boy more about Tacitus in a week than that youth had ever learnt in a year at school—yet he had long since given up Latin, and had only been to one of the higher grade gymnasia.

But then he had been properly taught under a democratic system of education: it makes all the difference in the world.

Democratisation of our public schools would completely change their whole tone. I admit that the vexed question of the classics would call for solution; but as a fact, the old rigid method is being more and more ousted by the cry for technical instruction, Army classes, what is called the "modern side," which, in my day, was looked upon by boys and masters alike with scorn. The change, I venture to say, has got to come. Few boys leave school with sufficient knowledge of the classics to enable them to pick up a Greek or Latin book in after years and read a single page for pleasure. The whole thing is looked upon by boys as a drudge, by masters as a sort of necessary evil, the failure of a boy to learn anything at all in the dead languages casting no sort of stigma on either boy or teacher. Now a democratic system would modify this *laissez-aller* view. Masters would get to learn that they held their appointments subject to their capacity to teach. They would be encouraged to take an interest in things outside the school. And the boys would catch the inspiration. What Robinson called "applied science," practical education would come into the schools. Boys would be taught individually, for what they were severally worth, with some intelligent relation to their subsequent traffic with life. *Sapere aude* would become the watchword, instead of the existing boys' conspiracy to know nothing. Eton, of course, might still con-

tinue to be the educational ground of the idle rich. The idle rich do not matter anyhow. But all other schools should be treated with the democratic knife. It is the only way to rid these schools of the blight at present stifling them; and the first thing is to make a clean sweep of the type of headmaster.

The whole question is naturally inseparably affiliated with the Oxford and Cambridge system; nor is it very likely that any sensible reform can be carried out with the schools if not similarly effected at the 'varsities, where the same spirit, atmosphere, and clerical classic influence predominate. A great many boys, however, never go up to the 'varsities. And these, at any rate, should be provided for.

A school like Harrow has just about half as few masters as it should have. Double their number and within a year Harrow boys would feel the benefit. The "modern side" should be greatly widened, strengthened, and thrown open generally to all boys who show no aptitude for Horace and Homer. If masters took a little care to train the upper boys, the upper boys would soon train the lower ones. The way foreign languages are taught at these schools is a farce and a scandal. The method is stupid, purely formal, and wooden, French, for example, being taught exactly like Greek, as if it were a dead language. The consequence is that the teaching is dead, the interest of the boys is dead: the whole business is commonly looked upon with derision.

The trouble is that there is no expert supervision or control of these schools. A headmaster is appointed, as like as not a scholar and churchman, a man who has grown up in the system, with the mould of it sunk into his very bones, who goes to his office with the arbitrary authority of a Plantagenet king, determined, before all things, to uphold and strengthen the institution. He is like a Parliamentary Secretary of State—the permanent officials run the show. And so with the masters. Yet a headmaster could be an enormous influence for good if he had the courage and the initiative. As long, however, as we appoint clerics distinguished for their scholarship as headmasters, the system is not likely to change. Reform can only really come from a democratic puke and purge.

The Jesuits were and are excellent teachers, chiefly

because as a body they are inspired, one may say, with a religious sense of a mission. This sense is wholly lacking in our athletic and clerical masters. They have no inspiration to teach, no feeling of a mission. They become masters because they are good scholars, because they are athletic, because it is a pleasant, gentlemanly career. What we need in England to-day is a new type of teacher.

Give the masters more scope and powers—the boys will learn soon enough; but the principal thing is to blast the public school atmosphere of snobbery, swank, devil-may-caredom, and arrogance, which turns out our gentlemen wasters and failures. To do this, the masters must be given their chance too, which at present they don't have. And to ensure this opportunity there must be expert direction and supervision. And all this should be in the care of an expert Education Department. Any man can start a school to-day, provided he has a little capital, is an M.A., and, if he was a 'varsity oar or blue, his prospects are admirable. Yet the real money is coined by the crammers. The late Mr. Wren, for example, Mr. Scoones, and others, these are the real teachers of our gentlemen; these are the men who make men of the boys who were at public schools, and if any man cares to hear what they think of the system, he can learn things from them that may astonish him.

Essentially it is our voluntary system that is to blame. Secondly, it is the antiquated clerical pedagogic tradition. Thirdly, it is the institution itself, which has deteriorated into a boys' polity, uncontrollable because of its mass dimensions, methods, and conditions, which has made of these places a little State divorced from the realities, the exigencies, and needs of the times, the atmosphere of which is recreation, and the governance an obsolete tradition. The code of athletics is the public school panache; the rest is system and—silence. The original or weak boy goes to the wall; the idle remain idle. The "big" boys we knew there we meet in later life, and we find them small and useless men. Those we despised and kicked at school we often encounter later on, doing the things of life, men who, in spite of the system, have found their true expression.

This state of things cannot be right. To the classes it is a fatal sapping and waste of power. And the pity of

it is that it is so unnecessary. It is, indeed, one of the problems of modern England. It cries already urgently for reform.

Fortunately there are signs that parents are getting "fed up" with the system. The expense of "crammers," of tutors during the holidays, of the subsequent problem, "What to do with our boys?" is gradually breaking down the long conspiracy of silence which has screened both boys and masters from outside criticism. The general public, too, has awakened to the futility of a system which sends forth so many specimens of failure. And I rejoice to see that at last the women are concerning themselves with the question.

What it is essential to grasp is that these institutions are still the product of old Tory England before the war —before, that is, we woke up all round to the need of readjustment and reform. The purpose they stand for is already obsolete; their principle is out of date. They no longer fulfil the requirements of life or education. The spirit and atmosphere of them stand in about the same relation to life as the growler to the motor cab. In short, their basic reason has gone.

Think of all the thousands of boys who grow up to maturity playing games, and how comparatively few of them play even those in anything more than a mediocre amateur way! And this amateurishness is the spirit of public school etiquette. We go to the Olympic games untrained. Of course, it is our way—the gentlemanly, public school way. It is not good form to train, to "swat," to take anything seriously. And good form, as any little duffer from the schools will tell you, is the whole essence of his philosophy. I know a master who, not so long ago, was refused at one of our big schools because, though he was an Oxford blue, he was not allowed to play football. That is the sort of thing it is time to stop, if the parents are to get the value of their money. As things are, these schools exercise such a demoralising influence upon a boy that it usually takes him five years to recover his senses and himself; and so much is this the case that parents who are not rich are growing more and more doubtful as to the advisability of sending their sons to them.

It cannot be a good thing for the country, this army of

non-industrious public schoolmen, who of course in Germany would find occupation in the Army. Yet I sincerely believe that a large proportion of these gentlemen "out of work" could have been saved if less amateurishly and fatuously trained, if taught primarily that industry is not a disability. Fully half of the lads who leave our public schools are equipped with an amateur smattering of the dead languages, and almost none of the living; practically no knowledge of history or geography, and a temperamental dislike of work. Their sympathies are class-bound and warped. They look on life and its social problems with the empty-headedness of little savages. They are selfish, wasteful, feckless, and ignorant. Their mental furniture is practically *nil*. *Mens vilis in corpore sano.*

It is not the fault of the lads. The English boy is right enough. He is the victim of an utterly uneconomic, amateurish, old-fashioned system which, capturing him in the impressionable years of his life, sends him out practically unfitted for the world. His six years or so of school environment has made him the complete snob, as likely as not a social waster. Is it fair upon him? Is it, economically, fair upon the parents? Is it, finally, good for the country?

Personally, on moral grounds, I would allow no lad over seventeen and a half to be at a public school, not even to win the match next year at cricket. But no reform is possible so long as parents continue to regard school and 'varsity as mere places where their sons may have a good time and make friends. The needful thing is obviously to place these schools under the jurisdiction of the State, which, I fear, is contrary to all our notions of individualism and pleasant doctrine of "muddling through."

Much, none the less, can be done if public pressure is brought to bear upon headmasters. The Press would be an invaluable help. What is wanted as a start is ventilation. Masters, many of them splendid fellows, would gladly co-operate: in many cases are itching to change the system, if the public will allow them. It is imperative to get the fear of scrutiny into the institution which conducts its office with the dark inviolability of the Vatican. The boy scout movement started on right principles—principles of morality having some causal nexus with the subsequent

requirements of life. But no public school boy was ever taught the "do some good act" every day. Literally, he receives no moral education of that kind whatsoever, the theory, I suppose, being that a gentleman's son does not need it. That is, of course, sheer bunkum. The introduction of such a spirit into the public schools would be a corner-stone to build upon. Anyone acquainted with these places is aware how necessary such training is, how useful it proves in after life. And it is precisely in what one may call this moral training that our schools fail dismally and utterly; fail because the positive things that a boy learns there, in the absence of precept and guidance, are class arrogance and littleness and the lack of all motive for work or responsibility.

A Parody of Ultra-Modern Physics and the Principle of Relativity*

By Sir Oliver Lodge

THE progress of genuine physics during recent years has been rapid, and has led to the beginnings of a remarkable insight into the structure of matter and to its relations with electricity. The greatest generalisation of last century in this branch of knowledge—the electromagnetic theory of light—is now firmly established, but the more recent discoveries which group themselves round Becquerel's discovery of the spontaneous radioactivity of matter are not yet so firmly founded as to be beyond controversy; and the rapidity with which theoretical views have sprung into existence, on the strength of experimental evidence quickly and, as it were, intuitively interpreted, has created in the minds of those whose studies only border upon physics an atmosphere of scepticism and an amount of mistrust which time will probably dissipate but which at present is not unnatural and may be no more than reasonably wholesome, although to professed physicists it appears exaggerated and unnecessary.

The whole problem of the relations between matter and ether, however, is still far from any complete solution; though a great deal of work has been done, and a considerable number of experiments have been carried out, with the object of detecting some motile or dynamic relation between ether and matter—whether through the intermediary of an electric charge or otherwise. These experiments have not been wholly negative, but certainly a great many have failed to yield any positive or measurable result; and reasons for this negation have been clearly indicated by modern theory.

The positive results known to us in this connection are:—

(1) Astronomical aberration, caused by the earth's

* "The Energy System of Matter." By James Weir. (Longmans Green and Co.) Pp. ix+200. 6s. net.

motion through space, and detected in so far as the motion is of a periodic or revolutionary character.

(2) The measurement of the velocity of light—a definite ethereal fact of the utmost importance.

(3) The fact, discovered by Fizeau, that the speed of light inside moving matter is affected by the motion, to the exact amount predicted by Fresnel.

(4) The experimental confirmation by Kaufmann of the result anticipated theoretically by both J. J. Thomson and Heaviside, that at high speeds, approaching that of light, the mass of bodies increases rapidly in value and approaches a high limit.

These are positive facts, and the last is of the utmost novelty and importance, but the negative results of experiment are far more numerous; and though they are all explicable, and in my view explicable without difficulty and in a natural and satisfactory way, by orthodox theory, there has arisen a very modern school of physicists and chemists who teach that what is unobservable is non-existent, and who explain the difficulty of attaining a positive result concerning material motion through the ether of space by the assumption that there is no such motion to observe; in other words, that the ether does not exist, that motion through it is imaginary, and that we are limited, not only in perception but in inference, to dealings with motion of pieces of matter with respect to each other; and that no other than this relative motion has any meaning or significance. In which case it will matter nothing whether A is moving round B, or B round A, and Copernicus and Galileo will have lived in vain.

The doctrine of Relativity covers a great deal more ground than this, but practically that is part of what it amounts to. It is an attempt to limit our conceptions to the directly observable, and to dispense with inferences and attempts at discovery beyond the immediate scope of our senses and measuring instruments. It appears to be justified, therefore, as a non-speculative system of science; but to carry it out in its entirety its supporters are constrained, and do not hesitate, to enter upon a morass of speculation, to deny the existence of pretty well everything except energy, to contemplate action at a distance without any connecting medium, and to dispense with the reality

of Time; or, at least, so to complicate the ancient concepts of Time and Space that, as it seems to me, they lose themselves in a fog of unjustified and unreasonable metaphysics.

One result of this extraordinary speculation has been that "Paradoxers"—the hangers-on of Physical Science—have begun to exercise their ingenuity by carrying the ignoration of the Ether a step further; and because it is admittedly hard, on these anti-ethereal views, to explain how energy can travel across empty space, or can come, say, from the sun to the earth in the absence of a connecting medium, these rash speculators have begun to deny that any energy does so come, and to account for the terrestrial effects of solar heat and light, which they cannot help noticing, in some other way; their doctrine being that we can deal only with phenomena and cannot seek to go behind them into their unknown causes.

Books of this kind—a sort of parody of the seriously supported Principle of Relativity—will doubtless appear in the next few years, and one of them, excellently printed and published, has already made its appearance—a book called *The Energy System of Matter*, by a successful mechanical engineer, Mr. James Weir.

Books like this will probably carry weight with sections of the British public, and be taken more or less at their face value; they may perhaps be read as if they were serious scientific treatises, on a par with the utterances of recognised men of science. That is one of the penalties we have to pay for the defective education of the community, that the public is unable to discriminate between genuine and spurious science, and is easily misled.

The present instance, however, is an unusually favourable case; the contentions of Mr. Weir are set forth with much apparent reasonableness and with some show of elementary learning. He is not wrong in many of his statements about the transformation of energy, except when they are pressed into quantitative considerations. As to magnitudes he is quite careless. If he can detect a little stray energy, anywhere, that is all that is needed to sustain his view; and he has no compunction in accounting for the disappearance of a large amount of energy by exhibiting, as an equivalent, what is really an utterly trivial and insignificant by-product. He is, of course, not aware of these quantitative discrepancies, but hopes that calculations will

come out all right; if, indeed, he does not mistrust calculation altogether. He is very strong on the conservation of energy, and regards the earth itself as a conservative system or independent energy unit; that is to say, he regards every detached mass of matter, like the earth, as completely isolated in space and unable to receive energy from outside or from any other body. The earth has a certain amount of energy of its own, largely in the form of its axial rotation; and by interaction with what he calls "incepting" influences—*i.e.*, influences or static conditions which do not so much emanate from the sun as exist statically all round about it, and in which the earth is spinning—the axial or rotational energy of the earth is transmuted into the various activities or kinds of energy which we perceive on its surface,—heat, locomotion, and vegetation, among others. And because the earth's rotatory energy at the equator is greater than at the poles, it naturally follows that vegetation and other manifestations of energy are more plentiful at the equator; so much so that a piece of easily fusible metal carried from the pole to the equator may be melted by the greater rotational energy which it finds there. None of this comes from the sun: it is all self-contained; and though it may be stored for a time as wood or coal, yet sooner or later all the energy will be restored to the atmosphere, and by the circulating air-currents will be carried once more back to the poles, and there restored to the body of the earth; so that, in spite of a temporary reduction of the rotatory energy, all of it is restored in time by "the great restoring mechanism of the atmosphere," and the length of the day remains on the average unaltered. He illustrates this matter at some length by considering the analogy of a simple pendulum, attaching great importance to the compression and what he calls the statical energy of the supports, even when the pendulum is at rest; evidently thinking that the slight strain which may exist both in the pendulum rod and in the supports is of the essence of the matter, just as he considers the protuberance at the equator of the earth as a direct manifestation of a great store of energy which is available for terrestrial purposes without any supply from outside. In fact, he logically denies that two pieces of matter in a vacuous enclosure can radiate to each other or interchange their energy. He admits that if the experiment is made

they will appear to do so, and hence will suggest that the Ether does, after all, exist and act as a connecting medium; but he proceeds to point out that no experimenter can actually place two bodies in a vacuum without some kind of material support; hence he claims that the experiment cannot really be tried, because this material support would invalidate the test by complicating the whole phenomenon, since it would enable the interchange to go on without the need for postulating any ethereal connection.

The following brief quotations from the book will serve to prove that what I have said is no unfair representation of Mr. Weir's position. The word "inception" is a blessed word essential to his scheme. An "incepting energy" is one that operates by a sort of catalysis: it passively effects transformations of other energies, without itself being transmuted or diminished in any way. An analogy cited by the author is the rotation of a copper disk near a stationary permanent magnet. The magnet is what the author calls an incepting influence: it stimulates transformation of rotational energy into heat, but it confers no energy on the disk. Of this kind, according to the author, is the solar gravitational field. Its luminous and thermal fields also belong to the same incepting class.

The central doctrine of the book is that since there is no ether nothing can be brought by it, and therefore that no energy reaches the earth from without. The earth's energy is self-contained and is internally transformed without gain or loss from outside. Each planet is isolated from every other, and from the sun. Radiation of energy across space is a fanciful speculation of ether theorists.

It is not to be supposed that these doctrines can be obtained from the book without difficulty, by a reader; and the following quotations have been picked out with some trouble from a mass of rather tangled material, so as to exhibit the doctrines in their bareness. If this process is unfair—as such a process sometimes is—the unintentional unfairness must be allowed for.

The author wishes to deal with bare facts, not with explanations, and writes thus:—

"It is very important, in studying matters of this kind, to realise that it is impossible ever to get beyond or behind phenomena. It may be pointed out that in no sphere of physics has the influence of so-called explanatory mechanical hypotheses been stronger than in that dealing with the properties of light."

"Even with our limited knowledge of radiation, the doctrine of heat

radiation through space stands controverted by ordinary experimental experience. With this doctrine must fall also the allied conception of the transmission of heat energy by radiation from the sun to the earth. It is to be noted, however, that only the actual *transmission* of heat energy from the sun to the earth is inadmissible; the *heating effect* of the sun on the earth, which leads to the manifestation of terrestrial energy in the heat form, is a continuous operation readily explained in the light of the general principle of energy transformation already enunciated."

"The motion of the earth and other planets is continuously occurring under the influence of gravitation, thermal, luminous, and other incepting fields which link them to the central mass, the sun. As a result of the action of such fields, energy transformations arise which form the visible phenomena of the system in all its parts."

"So long as the planet had no axial motion of rotation, some of the incepting influences of the primary were compelled, as it were, to inaction; but with the advent of axial energy the conditions are at once favourable to their action, and to the detection of their transforming effects."

"These manifestations of energy, in fact, constitute planetary phenomena. Since the action or movement of the rotating material of the planet through the incepting fields of the primary is most pronounced in the equatorial or regions of highest linear velocity, and least in the regions of low velocity adjoining the poles of rotation, the transforming effect may naturally be expected to decrease in intensity from equator to poles."

[Example.] "A piece of solid material of low melting-point is brought from the polar regions of the earth to the equator. Due to the more rapid movement across the sun's thermal field, and the consequent increased action of that field, a transformation of the axial energy of rotation of the body takes place, whereby it is heated and finally liquefied."

"The question of light transmission will offer no difficulty if it be borne in mind that light is not in itself a form of energy, but merely a manifestation of energy as an incepting influence, which like other incepting influences of a similar nature, can readily operate across either vacuous or interplanetary space."

"The mode of action of the luminous field is similar to that of other incepting influences. It operates from the primary, and is entirely passive in nature."

"When light falls on the retina of the eye, an electric current is set up in the optic nerve. The energy associated with this current is, of course, obtained at the expense of the bodily energy of the observer, and this energy, after passing, it may be, through a large number of transformation processes, will finally be returned to the source from which it was originally derived, namely, the axial energy of the earth."

"But the action of seeing, like all other forms of human activity, involves a certain expenditure of bodily energy. This energy is, of course, primarily derived from the axial energy of the earth through the medium of plant and animal life and the physico-chemical processes of the body itself."

"Energy in various forms (potential, chemical, &c.) is stored in the tissues of the growing material [of plants]. Now the source of this energy is the axial energy of the earth, and, as stated above, the luminous field is an incepting factor (there may be others) in the process of transformation, a factor whereby this axial energy is converted into certain new forms."

"Each planetary mass, as it revolves in space, is, so far as its energy properties are concerned, an absolutely conservative unit of that system."

"The stored energy of tropical vegetation may still in great part remain in the bosom of the earth, awaiting an appropriate stimulus to be communicated to more active material for the concluding stages of that cyclical process which had its commencement in the absorption of axial energy into plant tissue."

"If the total energy of the planetary mass is limited, and if it can receive no increment of energy from any external source, it is clear that the axial energy transformed must, by some process, be continuously returned to its original form. Some process or mechanism is evidently necessary to carry out this operation. This mechanism we conceive to be provided by certain portions of the material of the planet, principally the gaseous matter which resides on its surface, completely enveloping it, and extending outwards into space (§ 38). In other words, the atmosphere of the planet forms the machine or material agency by which this return of the transformed axial energy is carried out."

"The continuous abstraction of axial energy by the aqueous vapour is balanced by an equally continuous return from the air masses, and the system, so far as its energy properties are concerned, is absolutely conservative."

"The axial energy abstracted, sooner or later, recurs to the atmospheric machine. By its action in this machine, great masses of gaseous material are elevated from the surface of the planet against the attractive force of gravitation."

"By the movement of this material in the working of the atmospheric machine (§ 38) the energy is finally returned in its original form of axial energy of rotation. The sun's action is thus in a manner to force the inherent rotatory energy of the planet into the cyclical secondary operations, all of which converge alike towards the general atmospheric mechanism of return."

So it is natural for the author to draw towards a conclusion thus:—

"The conception of energy, working only through the medium of definite material machines with their incepting and limiting agencies, is one which is of great value . . . and it emphasises the indefensible nature of such ideas as the radiation of energy into *space*."

"It is, however, not proposed to discuss in any detail either the supposed transmission of energy from the sun to the planets or the arbitrary properties of the transmitting medium, but rather to adopt a more positive method of criticism by summarising briefly the evidential phenomena which show the cyclical nature of the whole terrestrial energy process, and which remove the basis of belief in such a transmission."

"On these general considerations, deduced from the observation of terrestrial phenomena, allied with the conception of energy machines and separate masses in space, the author bases one aspect of the denial of energy transmission between celestial masses. The doctrine of transmission cannot be sustained in the face of legitimate scientific deduction from natural phenomena."

Physicists will see the absurdity of all this at once, but whether its absurdity will be generally perceived I cannot tell. Anyhow, this kind of spurious physics is a kind of Nemesis which the supporters of the doctrine of the Principle of Relativity must expect; and were it not that a few men of great knowledge and high ability are disposed just at present to support this Principle, I should be inclined to say that Mr. Weir's contentions, though infantile in comparison with theirs, are not really much more inconsistent with the truth.

Books of the Month

ART

MEMORIES OF JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, THE ARTIST. By T. R. WAY. Lane. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The historian of Whistler will not be able to do without this, Mr. T. R. Way's second book on the subject of his master. A long and interesting relationship is narrated with great simplicity. As the Ways, father and son, were the firm with which Whistler conducted his experiments in lithography, no one is in a better position than Mr. T. R. Way, himself a delicate and accomplished painter and lithographer, to supply information on that part of Whistler's life which consisted of his experiments on stone and transfer paper. Nor is Mr. Way's authority confined to questions of craftsmanship. Personal relations of an affectionate nature, true filial admiration and devotion on one side, paternal interest and tuition on the other, lasted over a quarter of a century. The illustrations are invaluable. Mr. Way's colour notes in lithography, after sketches by Whistler, form interesting records, and testify to the unselfish laboriousness that characterised Mr. Way's pupilage. It is perhaps natural that Mr. Way should overrate the importance of Whistler's experiments in lithography. Oddly enough, some of the detailed records contained in this book of the production of the master's lithographs and transfer-lithographs leave an impression of a certain amateurishness. But amateurishness is perhaps only another name for experiment.

Whistler desired to use lithography as a means for sketching direct from nature. For the sake of convenience he generally limited himself to what could be got by the use of transfer paper. This sufficed for many of the slighter effects at which he aimed. When he felt the want of the richer qualities that can only be got out of the stone itself, he had his transfer laid down upon stone and added work in the studio or at the printer's which was not always an improvement.

THE SACRED SHRINE. By YRJÖ HIRN. Macmillan. 14*s.* net.

Whatever views a man may hold of the doctrines of Rome, he must be a singularly unæsthetic person who has not at some time or other been struck by the art and poetry of a religion which has given to the world not only the greatest monuments of art in stone, but also on canvas, and in poetry and music has been a powerful and constructive force. This compendious and learned work is in part an explanation of a production which remains homogeneous in its character, notwithstanding its expression in such heterogeneous forms as dogmas, poems, and pictures; and it is likewise a synthetic treatment of the æsthetic characteristics of Catholic mentality. Let us say at once that it is a work full of interest and information. The author, while admitting his scepticism, is objective and sympathetic. It is the best critical appreciation we have seen of the Catholic Church, which, in a sentence, is a Middle Age which has survived into the twentieth century. Many of the Catholic manifestations which appear meaningless assume order and interest, for the author reveals the world-philosophy which lies at the basis of the æsthetic production, whether pantomimic or miraculous. If, for example, we can regard the Catholic Mass-doctrine with its æsthetic phenomena, its ritualistic pantomime, its celebration of the Christ, and of the great drama of the Crucifixion, redemption, and actual divination, as a poem; and the cult of the Madonna, Virgin and Mother, human and ideal, as part of it—all the grotesqueness in the expositions of Mary's anatomical virginity, and

all the laborious refinements in the ordinances for the handling of the Sacrament merge æsthetically into the grand mediæval poetic structure which possess at once an imposing unity, and even a logical sequence in such construction. Its strength lies still in man's imperfect knowledge, because it is more than a structure of thought, and is immortalised in the living forms of art. The Catholic reverence for the "bread and wine" is but a form of worship of the unknown—before which all men bow. The significance of the Monstrance, *i.e.*, a hyphen between Heaven and earth; the Catholic idea that it is God Himself who daily is sacrificed on the altar-table under the image of the bread; the conception of the altar itself as the grave of Christ; the whole spirit of belief concentrated in the divinity of Mary—these are essentially æsthetic rather than philosophic conceptions, and as such they can appeal to humanity. And this is of the essence of Rome, the worship of the æsthetic sublimity. The whole edifice is built on this premiss with extraordinary care of detail, such as the selection of wax for candles, because wax is derived from sexless bees. Take from the Catholic Church its æstheticism, and the dogma crumbles to the ground; hence its survival when most things of its age have long since been buried. To-day we are agnostics, it is true; but it is true still, as it was from the beginning, that the outer forms of art—poetry, music, painting, architecture, dancing—derive from the exigencies of religious dogma and ritual. Æsthetically, the Catholic Church has always stood as the poetic inspirer of man, just as the divine purity of Mary is the supreme expression of woman, which may be unscientific and even obsolescent in these materialistic days, yet still stands to Art as the very Christ of life.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

J. M. Synge: A Critical Study. By P. P. Howe. Secker. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

We have read with very great pleasure this book on Synge, written by one of the soundest and most fearless of our dramatic critics. It is a book which is urgently required, so much misrepresentation of Synge has arisen from the circumstances in which his earlier plays were produced; even *The Times,* we remember, in its obituary notice, gave colour to those misrepresentations by referring to "the audacity of Synge's attacks on Irish institutions and conventions." Mr. Howe's book will scatter all these fictions and settle the base on which Synge's reputation will endure. It is written not without exaggeration, which is the defect of the author's qualities of youth and confidence. But every exaggeration is based on a real quality of the dramatist; there is no harm in giving too much praise where praise is due; it is the giving of faint praise where none is due that is a mark of the bad critic. Mr. Howe in effect sets out to show that "In the English Drama from Sheridan and Goldsmith to Mr. Shaw there is only one name that will go up amongst the greatest, and that is the name of another Irishman, J. M. Synge"; and when he comes in his review of the plays to *The Playboy of the Western World,* he claims that it gives us "the most rich and copious store of character since Shakespeare." This does not, of course, mean that Synge is to be placed on a level with Shakespeare. But Synge is certainly big enough to be considered with reference to Shakespeare, and that because he is a poetic dramatist. The poetic drama is that in which the emotional effect of the action is indicated and heightened by a lyric beauty of language: and Synge's language we believe to be the most important element in the beauty of his plays. That language he adopted, as only a great artist absorbs his material, from the language spoken by the Irish peasant, and to a certain extent by all classes in Ireland. Writers like Mr. P. W. Joyce have shown that it is the result, partly of native Irish idioms and syntax being transferred to spoken English, and partly of a survival of English phrases and expressions which are obsolete in England. Synge

made of this a language of tragic beauty and intensity, the full value of which in the dramatic effect of such a work as *The Playboy of the Western World* might be tested by the method of translation. We believe that a French translation of this play would be more flat and unreadable than any French version, even M. Maeterlinck's version, of *Macbeth*. Mr. Howe has a sensibly sceptical note on Synge's indebtedness to French sources. Synge certainly borrowed nothing from France, though there are some stories of Maupassant (for instance, *Les Vingt-cinq francs de la Supérieure*) of which he might have made admirable comedies; one might say that he learned from Racine a classic concentration and directness of plot; but that quality is more often evolved by the innate sense of the artist than acquired by study of other men's work. Synge's plots certainly have this ease of construction; they have none of the fantastic exuberance of his language. Only in *Riders to the Sea* is there a sign of the construction being forced, when Bartley's body is carried in to the dirge of mourning women only a few minutes after his riding to the sea. This fault, even to anyone reading the play, is more serious than Mr. Howe seems to think; yet the play is overwhelming in tragic effect and in tragic atmosphere, and together with the comedies of character, *In the Shadow of the Glen* and *The Playboy*, certainly justifies Mr. Howe's enthusiasm. He does not praise casually, but has based this critical study on a very intelligent examination of Synge's life-work, and on a thorough knowledge of dramatic conditions. Only he should not, however young he may be, take refuge in a bashful periphrasis when he wishes to refer to Ford's tragedy, *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM COWPER. Chosen and edited, with a memoir and a few notes. By J. G. FRAZER. Macmillan. 2 vols. 8*s*. net.

In the intervals of his greater work, Dr. Frazer has been happily occupied in giving us an edition of Cowper's letters; the best possible selection, we are inclined to say, in the best possible form—that of the Eversley series. The edition is complete in itself, for Dr. Frazer's memoir of the poet gives us all that we need in the way of a biography, the simple and sad story of Cowper's life: a life flowing gently on like a stream bordering one of the quiet counties that he loved, only tainted again and again by some black inrush, some stagnant mud of Calvinism. His long life covers the better part of the eighteenth century, and the letters are an invaluable complement to such an impression of London life as we find, say, in Boswell. We realise the remoteness of his country life from the life of the coffee-houses; and yet the quiet intimacy of it, broken only by the visits of friends, or by the arrival of a box of books, a hamper of fish, or glass from Bedford for the greenhouse, seems more continuous with our own, and saner in the judgment of its contemporaries. Cowper's remarks on Johnson's estimate of Milton are an obvious example. The natural simplicity of Cowper's emotions when they are concerned with this world instead of the next keeps his poems as fresh as his letters. It is somewhere recorded that Tennyson, when asked to read Cowper's "Lines on my Mother's Portrait," refused because "he knew he would break down"; and we would like to think that Tennyson's sensibility is not quite obsolete. There are not many poems written in the eighteenth century which would touch us so directly; and the explanation may be found in Cowper's own letters. We are grateful to Dr. Frazer for this admirable edition and memoir. We may call the attention of the publishers to two obvious and trivial misprints on pages xxxv. and xliii.

ALL MANNER OF FOLK. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. Richards. 5*s*. net.

The conception (only the fear of offending one of his biographers prevents us from calling it Whistler's conception) of an aristocracy of artists writing or painting to please themselves among a vulgar mob which they despise even when it flatters and rewards them: this conception of their own position is actually held, we believe, by the majority of contemporary artists. At least, the fact remains that Art is always

tending to become more esoteric. The most promising artistic shoots are seldom to be found budding in the shelter of the academic palm. If one were commissioned to bring a new painter from Paris, one would not, even Sir W. B. Richmond would not, seek him among the *pompiers*, but among the *fauves* of Montparnasse, at whom the public laughs; and they laugh not because they are amused—the gulf between them is too wide for any such implied co-operation—but because they suspect that they are themselves being laughed at. To such an extent is this secession of Art from the national life being carried that for some critics popularity is in itself sufficient to imply some artistic defect, and there is a real danger of a permanent divorce of Art from Society: from which point it might be further argued that a nation whose faculties are not interdependent is in danger of paralysis. All this by way of introducing Mr. Holbrook Jackson as a special ambassador who is working with indefatigable tact and geniality to put an end to the strained relations that already exist between Art and the public. He has the very rare faculty of exhibiting such a pale yellow flower as Max Beerbohm without bruising one of its petals. He can lay hold of Whistler's one popular appeal, the portrait of his mother, and base on it a general statement of claim. He can sum up the position and poetic achievement of J. M. Synge or William Morris. He gives us really admirable essays on Walt Whitman and Nietzsche, the latter a pattern of the valuable enunciation, clear without being shallow, of one feature of an elaborate philosophy which is being stultified by a deal of loose and unauthorised talking. He can even introduce without irritating us such a sculptor as the American, Jo Davidson, in whom we have no confidence at all. Mr. Jackson's method is that of the student of personality, as he explains in a couple of preliminary chapters: and he has given us a pleasant volume, whose message will not, we hope, be lost on the public. Of course, there are many small points which we would like to dispute. Lear's autobiographical verses, for instance, are not "sheer nonsense," and if they were they would not possess their peculiar charm. But if we began recording such details as this, we should be bound also to enumerate the many amusing and sensible remarks which we have marked on nearly every page. The book is illustrated by interesting drawings of J. B. Yeats, Lovat Fraser, Gordon Craig, and Jo Davidson, and by Joseph Simpson's rather flashy portrait of Whistler.

OXFORD MOUNTAINEERING ESSAYS. Edited by ARNOLD H. M. LUNN. Arnold. 5*s.* net.

Since the days when Leslie Stephen on his earliest climbing expeditions used to compose his articles for the *Saturday Review* during the long, slow walk which precedes the snow, there has always been a connection between mountains and literature. This book of young climbers from Oxford is good reading, in which one is pleased to find that curiosity and enjoyment of the earth which are the privilege of youth. The two first essays, Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler's on *An Artist of Mountains—C. J. Holmes*, and Mr. Julian Huxley's *On the Behaviour of a Chamois*, are easily the best in the book: they have more to say, and Mr. Huxley at least says it with greater simplicity than any of the others. Mr. N. E. Young studies *The Mountains in Greek Poetry*, and develops one or two quite new points; but, of course, his is a rather unprofitable task, because the attitude of the Greeks towards mountains was not very different from that of the eighteenth-century historian who remarked that the mountains surrounding Genoa were inaccessible except in a sedan-chair. Mr. Young, however, concludes on a cheerful note, ingeniously bringing even the Greeks to testify in praise of climbing: "No sea hero of the Greeks would be long a stranger among mountaineers: where now but in the mountains should Ulysses wander?" Of the other essays in the book we may mention that on *Roof-climbing at Oxford*. This delightful and strictly localised sport has not, we believe, been written about before: and we deeply regret that the anonymous author of this essay should have spoiled a promising subject by his barbarous, affected, and facetious manner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH

HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, FROM BEOWULF TO SWINBURNE. By ANDREW LANG. Longmans. 6s. net.

Probably the best way of conveying a true impression of this book would be by deftly selecting examples of the late Mr. Lang's approach towards the enormous field he has chosen to deal with in the restricted compass of six hundred and sixty pages. For it was scarcely to be expected that a writer so personal would be content merely to compile a chronological list of authors, with a formal description of the works that stand accredited to them. Despite one or two curious omissions, the book does this fully and adequately; and Mr. Lang is, generally, careful to distinguish between his own personal likes and dislikes. Nevertheless, on every page one is arrested by personal whimsies of the writer, most of which, to be sure, succeed in illuminating the matter in hand extraordinarily well, though often they are only enlivening digressions. There are reminiscences everywhere of Lang the essayist, content to make a verbal witticism; or Lang the anthropologist; and even of Lang the Jeanne d'Arc enthusiast. It is these things give the peculiar flavour to the book, which can scarcely be conveyed otherwise than by citation.

Leaving that, however, the book is an extraordinary compendium of the whole course of English literature. It was scarcely to be expected that even so encyclopædic a reader as Andrew Lang would be able to speak with the force of personal authority concerning the whole wide range. Indeed, for the whole period between the early Saxons and Chaucer there is more than a hint of his dependence on the work of others. In the space at his disposal he conveys a wonderful amount of information with regard to the Saxon poetry, though he does not make any too plain the fact that such poems as *The Seafarer*, *The Plaint of Deor*, and *Waldhur* are by unknown and probably distinct authors. In the text an unwary reader might easily think they were by the author, or main-author, of *Beowulf*.

It is when we come to Chaucer that we first step on secure soil—which is partly a reflection of the truth of things. Indeed, there is not an author in the book treated with the fullness that Chaucer receives. But we venture to think that Mr. Lang was scarcely wise in putting Langland (or all the Langlands, according to Manly) after Chaucer. It is true they were contemporaries; but Langland looks backward even as Chaucer looks forward; and consequently the chosen order gives rather an inverted value of the true sequence of things. And, with regard to the post-Chaucerians, to devote a chapter to Lydgate, Occleve, and Hawes, while dismissing Skelton in a note, for all that he "leads nowhere," is surely a transposition of values. Besides the scope given to Chaucer, one might think that some of the Elizabethans, and Shakespeare, and Milton are dismissed too cheaply. The last receives but little space; and too much is taken up with full descriptions of such well-known poems as *Comus*. He is more chastened in his opinion of these than one would have expected from so generous an admirer of the old masters.

It is when we come down to modern times, however, that we strike most of his foibles. His likes and dislikes among his contemporaries are very pronounced. Browning and Meredith he is very sarcastic upon, while Thackeray and Tennyson win the full voice of his praise. This is unfortunate, as there are many who will take so complete and compendious a book as this as their guide to English Letters, and so gain an unfortunate conception of values. And we cannot but think that these personal predilections of a man who found literature rather a relaxation than an inspiration have had something to do with some of his unfortunate exclusions. How else is to be explained the fact that we have no mention at all of figures like Blake and Francis Thompson in a book that contains John Capgrave and James Payn? In fact, there are sentences in the book that honourably should call out anger; but it contains, nevertheless, an extraordinary mass of information in an extraordinarily convenient space.

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury. Macmillan. 14s. net.

The difficulties and dangers of art criticism are once more exemplified in this history of Professor Saintsbury, though in itself it is a monument of learning and industry and subtle understanding. From the outset one is confronted with the question: What is rhythm in prose, how much rhythm is permissible, what rules or standard are there in fact to judge or go by? And at once the controversy begins. Aristotle, who describes prose as "neither possessing metre nor destitute of rhythm," allows the professor to come forward with his foot-system of long and short—the rest is scansion: iamb, spondee, trochee, dactyl, anapæst, molossus, epitrite, pæon, &c., a terrible lesson to be put before young ladies in finishing schools, hardly to be savoured either by the general, and yet in its way fascinating, interesting, and even necessary if the symphonic beauties, intricacies, and harmonies of English prose are to be understood or appreciated.

One feels inclined to jib. The scansion itself is necessarily somewhat arbitrary, and all the more so because, as the final test of good writing is the music of it, and the English language is strangely arbitrary, elastic, and composite, the test of the ear naturally varies, as the interpretation, say, of a piece by Tschaïkowsky will vary according to this or that conductor. Yet we cannot complain. The author sums up at the end so entirely rightly, as we think, that the long exercise is forgiven. Variety is the grand principle of prose rhythm, and the final test of it is the ear, and by variety is understood gradation, balance, cadence, and all the subtler forms of symphonic and polyphonic style, assonance, and euphonic movement generally. Treated thus mathematically, as it were, prose might seem an accomplishment open to all who mastered the quantitative possibilities of our tongue and took care to avoid actual and recurrent metre while swinging to and fro rhythmically, like a pro. swings a golf club. Such is unquestionably the lesson, the technique of the art. Yet try it! If the musical sense is lacking there will certainly be unrhythmical prose, dead-alive prose, that is, which is, of course, poor stuff. A curious example is furnished by this master analytic of the art himself. His own prose is strangely unmusical. He writes of "diverse delectable draughts of example." All the scansion of all the masters in the English tongue has apparently not taught him to write attractively. His own prose is "woolly"; there is no sound in it.

This is disheartening, but it proves the professor's contention. Such a book as this is bewildering. It is the science of the Post-impressionists and Artists, applied to words. Nor, carried out by an expert, should there be any reason why a man should not write prose as no man ever wrote it before, so varied and rhythmical would it be. But would it be good prose? Did Pater, for instance, and he did try it, write fine English? Exquisite artistry, no doubt. And Meredith? And Ruskin with his blank verse, or De Quincey, and Carlyle? The answer is, as Mr. Saintsbury admits, not calculable by formula or rule of foot. There are no rules; there are no feet, any more than there are bars in music, judging literature or music as a whole as apart from the technique of construction. In one sense music or sound is the *alter ego*, the invisible expression, of language which aims technically in very similar fashion at an identical effect. It is not the eye that judges good or bad prose, but the ear, the rhythmical sense within us. Nearly all the masters of English prose—Browne, Hooker, Ruskin, Pater, De Quincey, Landor, &c., &c.—wrote symphonies of words, designed symphonically, and acting symphonically, both upon the ear and the mind. Taste varies. Some repudiate Meredith, others prefer Lamb. Yet the fact remains that poets, especially minor poets, such as Landor and De Quincey, write good prose, and this though it is the fashion to decry Shelley's and Swinburne's prose, and not to take into account Byron's. The late Middleton wrote almost perfect rhythmical prose. How many of these men, however, have

written deliberately on a foot-rule system? Probably only a very few, though no doubt Pater did to some extent. And those who do write may be thankful that it is so; that the sound of words is not communicable to a man, however industrious and teachable, if he is himself lacking in the sense of rhythm, which is the key to all beauty of language, as it is of the arts, and of the higher interpretation of nature.

FICTION

PAN'S GARDEN. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Macmillan. 6*s*.

According to the sub-title of this volume, its contents consist of "nature-stories." It would be difficult to define the limits of this expression as used by Mr. Blackwood. If Nature include what is too commonly known as the supernatural—in other words, that invisible reality which permeates the visible—then the title is legitimate enough; but even so, we notice Mr. Blackwood is inclined to strain objective fact in favour of occult fancy. The statement put into the mouth of the painter of trees to the effect that beeches "allow no life too near them—birds or squirrels in their boughs, nor any growth beneath," would astonish any reader who knows beeches outside the covers of a book. The beech is among the most squirrel-beloved of trees both for food and shelter, and there are some plants almost exclusively found about its roots. Accepting, however, Mr. Blackwood's general conception of a conscious intelligence animating the entire natural order, we yet ask ourselves whether this book adds anything to his previous expositions of that theory. Holding, as he does, a monopoly among English writers in this kind of literature, Mr. Blackwood once seemed a new planet swimming into our ken; but now, to change the metaphor, he is spoiling the fine flavour of the earlier dishes by cloying our palates with a repeated and mechanical adherence to a recipe. To give an example, the incident of the cat stroked by an unseen hand in "The Attic" of this collection is a reminiscence of the same phenomenon in the first of the *John Silence* stories. In general, the effect of the present work is one of repetition, yet here and there is fine originality, as in "The Transfer"—in which a barren patch of earth sucks from a big, over-vital man the life he has been absorbing from all his acquaintances, leaving him flaccid, while itself becoming "full of great, luscious driving weeds and creepers, very strong, full-fed and bursting thick with life." The story of Smith, who, when his own city, hundreds of miles away, was in flames, hears a "shrieking city" flee past him down the sky, is a worthy companion to "The Transfer." These are both stories of only a few pages each, but "The Man whom the Trees Loved," "Sand," and "The Temptation of the Clay" are far too long for the elusiveness of their themes, and would have gained immeasurably by concentration. The dominant note of all Mr. Blackwood's fiction is the obsession of human beings by mystic outer forces; and though this same thing has been expressed with unequalled felicity by Guy de Maupassant in *Le Horla*, yet Mr. Blackwood's command of language and undoubted poetic vision, when not obscured by a journalistic taint, entitle him to be considered a high priest of the new paganism.

THE ANGLO-INDIANS. By ALICE PERRIN. Methuen. 6*s*.

The first requisite for a good novelist is an intense interest in one's fellow-creatures, and this Mrs. Perrin does not appear to have. Apparently they all seem much alike to her. This is no discredit to her. Many great men, such as John Stuart Mill, have felt just the same. But it would be better if, as she lacks the sense of character, she did not try to write novels. Undoubtedly she has something to say. Her enthusiasm makes vivid her impressions of the primrose mist of Indian cities and the scented dusk of the zenanas. It is quite interesting to hear her account of the practical difficulties of Anglo-Indians returning to the different social arrangements of England. But these things are not at

their best embedded in a love-story, which comes to its climax when "the vision of him as she saw him then was stamped for ever after on her mind. He stood with bare head . . . dressed in well-fitting London clothes. . . . When he looked up and saw her face, he threw his gloves into his hat that he had placed on the table and came towards her." Evidently quite a gentleman, and anxious to do the right thing in the most emotional moments. But when one considers Mrs. Perrin's remarkable gift for simple and lucid description of another land and its social atmosphere, it seems a pity that she should bother about these things.

THE NEW HUMPTY-DUMPTY. By DANIEL CHAUCER. Lane. 6*s*.

"Miss di Pradella explained how you were taught to do the splits. You stood upon two chairs and they were gradually drawn apart. . . ." There is only one serious novelist whose mind is stored with such weighty secrets of the music-hall as this. This phrase, a respectful reference to the Empire Ballet, a savage contempt for tradespeople, and familiar conversation concerning the forms of the Roman Catholic and the Greek Churches, betray the identity of Daniel Chaucer. *The New Humpty-Dumpty,* in its fine detail and lucid statement of complex adventure, is another stage in the development of a genius that is struggling from a youth spent in the subtlest impressionism to the most literal realism of treatment; from *The Fifth Queen* to *The Panel,* in fact. Yet again, it is an echo from the past, when Joseph Conrad collaborated with another to write *Romance.* There was in that the same manly combat with Fortune, the same adoration for the noble highwayman. But this is touched with the virtues of experience. There is a fine mastery over events in the story of the splendid Count Sergius Mihailovitch Macdonald, who, for his ideal of benevolent despotism, moves a counter-revolution in the Republic of Galizia, and sets on the throne the boy-king who would like to be a chauffeur, and who, having served his ideal, is shot down on the night of victory because he once refused to admire the poetry of the elder Dumas. There is a new power in the gnome-like figure of the wretched little Mr. Pett, the Socialist turned Nietzschean Tory, and a wilder humour about the merry and disreputable Miss di Pradella, with her passion for embroidered pillow-slips. Of course, Daniel Chaucer is always very childlike; and one of the habits of childhood is to chuckle over jokes that it cannot explain. So the savage satire with which he cudgels Countess Macdonald, a horrible picture of what a wicked Fabian would be like, is sometimes incomprehensible. The same combination of wit and obscurity, that made one feel the force of the satire one was not permitted to understand, was observable in *High Germany.* But the book as a whole is a complete reaction against Daniel Chaucer's earlier manner. One can remember the time when Daniel Chaucer committed the sin of Henry James in every supersubtle sentence. But that influence has gone. The last pages, which contain Mrs. Pett's description of the death of Sergius Mihailovitch, belong to the manner of Joseph Conrad. The weathercock veers to many winds, but it is always the same weathercock. And the individuality of Daniel Chaucer is always precious, whatever wind it follows.

CLARA. By A. NEIL LYONS. Lane. 6*s*.

Clara is a delightful person, once a nurse with "obvious ample bosoms," who greeted "I" as "chummie" and asked him how he was. In this miscellany she figures fitfully, too fitfully to our taste, like a splendid epic spirit, a woman such as one only finds in the streets of London. Some of these little tales are sad, some extraordinarily droll. But *Clara* has not the spontaneity or organic power of *Arthur's,* which was a masterpiece. But Neil Lyons is an interesting writer, with something of Dickens and something of Hogarth about his outlook. He is one of our few novelists who write about life as it is, who are real character artists. And his point of view is so direct, bright, keen, and

comic that one wishes he would write a play, or, at any rate, the "book" of a real musical comedy. Such an experiment would be well worth trying. There is a fine dramatic intensity about his work, which, together with a real sympathy for the poor and their conditions, give him an authority utterly lacking in modern novelists. It is materialism, but of a peculiar and charming kind.

THE DARKSOME MAIDS OF BAGLEERE. By W. H. KERSEY. Swift. 6*s*.

We notice that the publisher finds a resemblance between this novel and the early work of Mr. Thomas Hardy. This is a typical example of the foolish puff. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kersey's book is strangely individual, and the virtues and vices of his method are his own. He has a keen sense of the value of words, but generally lacks ability to put them together rhythmically. It is tolerably certain that he will very soon learn, and we shall look forward confidently to his next essay. At present he tells his story by fits and starts, and is apt to become self-conscious over his local colour. We should like to see Mr. Kersey without the early work of Thomas Hardy to weigh him down with a sense of responsibility. *The Darksome Maids of Bagleere* has a beauty of its own, like the calm shutting in of dusk. We have grown tired of rusticity too violently beautiful, of Cockney trespassers, and post-impressionist gamekeepers: we like Mr. Kersey's dignified book, but we insist that the next is to be very much better.

POETRY AND DRAMA

DENYS OF AUXERRE. A Drama. By JAMES BARTON. Christophers. 5*s*.

I am frequently struck with the large amount of really interesting and promising verse which is continually put forth by writers whose very names had not previously reached me, nor, I think, the reading public. I suppose that, since Elizabethan times, there has never been with us such a constant flow of graceful poetry produced by men and women who were not at all counted as poets, nor so high an average of occasional verse.

The pity is that such a great army of promising poets fail to mature; and, with all our charming lyrics and stirring dramas, we have yet no Tennyson appearing. The Preludes, First-fruits, Experiments so seldom rise into the somewhat close order of permanent poetry.

But now I have come incidentally upon a new drama which seems to me to stand apart from promising experiments, and to be well above even the high standard of contemporary verse. The author of *Denys of Auxerre* is not known to me personally, and I am told that the name on the title-page covers the modesty of a scholar who is also a public official. Be this as it may, *Denys* has interested me more than any drama I have met with of late, both by its lyrical and by its dramatic qualities. Whether the author has written more, whether he will ultimately win a place as a recognised poet, I cannot pretend to say. But, in my judgment, he has succeeded in what is perhaps the most difficult, nay, almost impossible, task that a poet could attack.

Denys of Auxerre is one of those fantastic, supernatural, semi-pagan myths of the thirteenth century, that age of fantastic enthusiasms and infectious manias of which Pater told in his *Imaginary Portraits*. The play is a masque founded on Pater's myth—but immensely enlarged with scenes of chivalry, church, monkery, popular rioting and delirium, magic, miracle, and phantasmagoria—all interspersed with frank realism and even passages of the broad comedy of manners. It is far more than a masque—the masque with which it opens passes on swiftly into a tragedy of passion, despair, and ecstasy—and then into the Underworld, where Dream-shapes of antique and historic prophets pronounce mystic musings on Life, Death, and Futurity. This young, unknown author has boldly entered on a field whereon Byron and Shelley touched in *Manfred* and *Prometheus*, but where *Faust* alone has worked out all the possibilities with absolute

and many-sided mastery. I will not venture to assert that James Barton will convince lovers of poetry that he was entitled to attempt so ambitious a theme. But I do not hesitate to say that his attempt to give us at once a lyrical, dramatic, and philosophical masque has deeply interested me.

No reader should attempt to read this drama in haste, nor without a deliberate purpose to weigh the meaning of each scene. At a first casual glance the language and the plot may seem quite unintelligible. Certainly no one should attempt to understand the drama until he has refreshed his memory with Pater's study in his *Imaginary Portraits*. When one has in mind the fantastic myth as told by Pater, the local colour and motive idea of *Denys* become plausible. Without this previous knowledge, just too briefly noted in five sentences by the author of the play, it might well appear but unintelligible medley. That seems to me the weak point in the author's scheme. Few readers to-day are familiar with Pater's essay, or remember all that it describes. Again, a writer of prose, explaining a fanciful legend and clearing up its mystical unrealities, has an advantage which the dramatist denies to himself. When the teller of a tale describes the legend of Saint George, Tannhäuser, or Lohengrin, he can put right the incredibles. But the dramatist in a mythological masque is forced to make his hero do the incredible and talk the unintelligible *coram populo* without explanation.

But whether or not the young poet has fully succeeded in such an adventure, he has amply shown his gifts of poetic diction, of imagination, and of original conception. The scheme of an ideal and allegorical masque, placed in an historic, mediæval setting, affords by its variety, contrasts, and mysticisms opportunity for almost every form of dramatic presentment. Thus in *Denys of Auxerre* we have lyrics, folk-songs, scenes of popular and old-world revelry, catastrophes of love, jealousy, domestic tyranny, despair, suicide, fantastic demonology, and psychologic musings on eternity and fate. Now, in all these moods of verse, James Barton, whoever he may be, proves himself a skilled craftsman. From cover to cover of these hundred pages of crowded dialogue, monologue, song, ode, rhapsody, comedy, elegy, pantomime, and sermonising on the dilemmas of the soul, I cannot decide in which the workmanship is the best.

I am quite clear about this: in them all there is unfailing harmony of language and the hall-mark of genuine poetry. Unusual, and I think successful, is the way in which the blank-verse passages almost unconsciously, as in response to a warmer tone in the thought, glide into rhyme, and then, as gently and naturally, fall back into blank lines. Altogether, I think the songs chanted by the girls and their lovers in the revel have the most definite stamp of poetic diction. But the dialogues also are full of vigour and eloquence. The Count, the Bishop, and Philip of Chastellux, all show their characters in telling speeches and dramatic ripostes. The least successful part of the whole is the somewhat confused play of motive and the overcrowded and too intricate machinery of the plot. Goethe, we are told, was occupied over *Faust* for some sixty years. And it is not possible for any man to cover the multifarious canvas of such a myth as that of *Denys of Auxerre* in early manhood and, it is whispered, in the intervals of an official career. My chief criticism of this poem is that its scheme is too ambitious and its imagery too profuse. It can hardly be called a "drama." It is rather a masque set in an antique dreamland. But its very multiplicity of plot offers the poet occasion for a singular display of versatility. In all moods the voice is that of a poet. And, what is to me of prime importance in these days of prose calling itself poetry, he never attempts to trick out rank prose as verse, nor assails our ears with uncouth discords and choking cacophonies. FREDERIC HARRISON.

POEMS OF LOVE AND EARTH. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Nutt. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

Curiously English are these *Poems of Love and Earth*—reposeful and healthy. But informed as they are with the cultured austerity of the Northerner who enjoys all the good things of earth while virtuously denying himself what he knows is bad for him, and who conjectures, sagely,

that not every subject is a fit one to discuss in public places, they sometimes become—well, a trifle monotonous. Here are no questionable theorisings, no discordant notes of revolt, no haggard, wild-eyed passions; even the "Fires of God" are but a flicker—the merest ripple (to vary the metaphor) on the shining, placid waters of content:

> God laughed when he made Grafton,
> That's under Bredon Hill,
> A jewel in a jewelled plain.
> The seasons work their will
> On golden thatch and crumbling stone,
> And every soft-lipped breeze
> Makes music for the Grafton men
> In comfortable trees.

Close the eyes, and there floats up before the retina a vision of dappled sky, with sunshine pouring down through rifts in the stately procession of clouds and alighting on trim cottages and sheepfolds, on grey cathedral towers and smooth-shaven lawns, on slumberous tufts of elm and oak—on all that verdant, drowsy opulence which has made our country the home of order and decent, neighbourly feeling. . . . Yes, it is the best of all possible worlds, this Protestant England of ours: mankind on earth, to sow and reap; God overhead, devising schemes for the prosperity of all His creatures, and especially of those who put their faith in Him and keep their powder dry. *Absit omen.*

POLITICS

THE POPE'S GREEN ISLAND. By W. P. RYAN. Nisbet. 5*s.* net.

This illuminating work, by a man who has helped to make the new Ireland which he describes with intimate knowledge, may be confidently recommended to all those who desire to understand the real forces that are now moulding the immediate future of that country. The vivid, humorous, and good-tempered account it gives of the efforts of the Catholic people of Ireland to emancipate themselves from the secular and social tutelage of the priesthood is admirably frank and fearless. Incidentally, it dispels all idea of Home Rule being equivalent to Rome Rule, or, indeed, of any of the older watchwords, either religious or political, being maintained in a self-governing twentieth-century Ireland. The spirit of the Irish people of to-day, as manifested by their successful fight against clerical interference, goes far to explain the composure with which they regard the advent of self-government. Increasing self-management in local matters has made them practical. While as determined as ever to secure Home Rule, they now recognise that that achievement is not one upon which to rest and be thankful, but rather an instrument for effecting the numerous social, educational, and material reforms which at present absorb their attention. Among the many illusions dispelled by Mr. Ryan is that of considering the Irish bishops and priests as defenders of the national spirit. On the contrary, many of them have been proved to be the instruments of Rome in Anglicising Ireland, with the ultimate object of winning back England for the Roman fold. In Ireland the Jesuits' action in opposing compulsory Irish at the New University has been attributed to the desire to make that institution a suitable substitute for Oxford and Cambridge, which British Catholic youth could then be forbidden to attend. But in this test case, as in several others, a protracted struggle against the united efforts of the Order of Jesus and the Episcopacy resulted in a complete triumph for the people and the Gaelic League, by whom the movement was led. It was a people's battle, in which the people utterly routed the banded forces of Ecclesiasticism. That majority of the older Irish priesthood which desires to maintain the segregation of the Irish people into Catholic and Protestant sections, and with that object tried to capture the non-sectarian and non-political Gaelic League and convert it into a Catholic institution, suffered an equally signal defeat at the hands of

its members, which included certain young priests opposed to the old *régime*. In spite of a long and violent agitation, Dr. Douglas Hyde, the son of a Protestant clergyman, was maintained as President of the League, while his ecclesiastical rival failed to secure election even to its council. In like manner, Vigilance Committees, which the Episcopacy tried to establish for the censorship of literature, were a complete failure, with the result that, in the words of Mr. Ryan (himself a Catholic), Conservative Irish ecclesiastics discovered they could not abolish woman, nor suppress the literature which finds her so dangerously interested. It gives quite a novel impression of Ireland to hear that in one of the numerous discussions carried on in Mr. Ryan's newspapers, an ex-student of Maynooth pleaded for an order of married priests, while other writers advocated a scheme for linking the Irish Catholics with the Greek Church. Canon Peter O'Leary, a popular writer in Irish, who attacked English novels as "poisonous" for their devotion to that "lowest and most degrading of human passions," love, was severely castigated by Catholic fellow-countrymen, and told plainly that clerical censorship meant taking the life-blood out of literature and destroying its value as a record of human experience and spiritual biography. This defence of English literature by Catholic Irishmen, and such indications as a study in the Irish language of Anatole France by a lady member of the Gaelic League, clearly show that the new Irish movement is not inspired by any narrow national or religious spirit. Among the many highly suggestive reflections recorded in this fascinating volume is the following warning by that brilliant Irishman and Modernist, the late Father Tyrrell: "I have constantly heard it said, both by those who hope for and those who fear such an issue, that should Ireland become anti-clerical, she will go the way of France—only faster. God forbid! . . . The evil is not yet too far advanced to be remediable, yet we are in some respects on the slope by which France has slid down to the abyss. Our hope is in our younger clergy, who, unlike the mass of their French brethren, are deeply imbued with a patriotic and democratic spirit; and still more in the living faith of so many of our laity, who will never allow Catholicism to become a purely clerical interest and monopoly."

THE CONTROL AND ERADICATION OF TUBERCULOSIS. By many authors. Edited by HALLIDAY G. SUTHERLAND, M.D., Medical Officer to the St. Marylebone Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensary. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Green and Sons. 15*s*. net.

It is impossible in the short space at our disposal to do justice to this important encyclopædic work on one of the most urgent practical problems of the day. It is a cosmopolitan production, in which thirty-two prominent medical men—French, German, Swiss, Russian, and Danish, as well as British and American—deal with such questions as the extent and sources of infection, dispensaries, with their functions and method, treatment by the tuberculin, open-air and farm-colony systems, hospitals for advanced cases, the tuberculosis laboratory, and furnish a comprehensive survey of the anti-tuberculosis movement throughout the world. The so-called Edinburgh system naturally occupies a large share in the volume in view of the fact that the movement is recognised as having originated in Scotland, which was the first country to organise a complete and systematic anti-tuberculosis campaign at the instance of Dr. Philip of Edinburgh as long ago as 1887. The success which has attended those efforts has at length led other countries to follow the example given, including Germany, which was at first disposed to rely exclusively upon her own sanatorium system.

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